

The Listener

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Signor Giovanni Gronchi, President of Italy, and Signora Gronchi, who arrive in this country on May 13 for a three-day State visit: a photograph taken in the Presidential Palace, Rome

In this number:

Industry and the Inventor (John Bolton)

'The Good Old Days' in Portugal (Walter James)

John Cleveland: A Metaphysical Satirist (C. V. Wedgwood)

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Politics and Pensions



Some people want a new pensions system run by the State. Others think we should be free to save and insure as we wish, with assurance companies or the State. Still others believe the State has no business to provide more than subsistence benefits. Where do we stand on these far-reaching issues?

(4)

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Industry and the Inventor

JOHN BOLTON on organising scientific innovation

THE very word 'invention' has a 'jack-pot' ring about it today: if only our scientists could invent a safe way to explore the other planets; if only we could perfect the means to harness an inexhaustible source of power; if only we could discover a cure for cancer, how many problems would be solved! Perhaps the fact that we are so well informed about events, and can see these prizes within our very grasp—perhaps this increases the reality of the hopes we lay at invention's door. But, whatever the reason, invention is highly prized, and rightly so, for we in Britain, having missed many of our opportunities in other fields during the past 100 years, have little room to manoeuvre: we simply must keep ahead of the world in research, in discovery, and invention. And of no industry is this more true, incidentally, than in electronics, which literally stands or falls by its ability to invent and develop new ideas.

We need, therefore, a clear understanding of how innovation can be nurtured, and it is precisely this which Professor John Jewkes and his colleagues have supplied. *The Sources of Invention** is a penetrating research into the causes and consequences of industrial innovation. From the mass of conflicting evidence in this field, it sifts the relevant and tells a story of adventure which is as exciting as it is important.

Modern views of invention are sharply divided. Some argue that the era of the individual inventor is past, that institutional team research, using large technical resources and facilities, is now the order of the day. They suggest that discovery has become 'inevitable', and can probably be forecast accurately enough for long-range plans to be laid accordingly. For instance, Dr. Conant, former President of Harvard University, has said:

As theory developed in physics and chemistry and penetrated into practice, as the degree of empiricism was reduced in one area after another, the inventor was bound to disappear... Today the typical lone inventor of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries has all but disappeared. In his place in the mid-twentieth century came the industrial research laboratory and departments of development engineering.

On the other hand, Sir Edward Appleton, in his second Reith Lecture†, claimed:

Many people nowadays are inclined to think that the day of the inventor is over. I do not agree... The world of the inventor is being invaded by the technologist... But happily, I think, there is still scope for the people who will not allow their objectives and ambitions to be influenced by the theoretical limitations of the day—people who are sceptical when they are told that something cannot be done.

Thus, there is a sharp and intriguing conflict of opinions between those who hold that the day of the individual inventor is done and those who consider that, not merely is he very much with us but, from present appearances, he will continue to play an active part in technical progress.

Professor Jewkes' book suggests that this conflict of opinions is based on a misunderstanding of the facts. He shows that nineteenth-century inventors did work together and were well informed on contemporary developments in their own fields. Scientific advances and the spread of formal scientific education have only modified the methods of invention; early pioneers, he says, did in fact work in the same manner as modern inventors. Equally he argues that the really outstanding modern inventions have not been nearly so institutionalised as Dr. Conant and others would have us believe. To prove his point he outlines the case histories of sixty-one important twentieth-century inventions ranging from the jet engine to radar, from penicillin to the zip fastener, from orlon to fluorescent lighting. More than half of these were ranked as individual efforts in the sense that much of the pioneering work was carried out by men who were working on their own behalf, usually with limited resources and assistance. Alternatively, where the inventors were employed in institutions they were autonomous—free to follow their own ideas without hindrance. Even where inventions have arisen in the research laboratories of firms, the team responsible often seems to have been small. Indeed, Jewkes usually found that one outstanding figure has stimulated a few devoted colleagues with his manner of thought and speculations.

There are also many examples quoted in the book where fresh and untutored minds have added enormously to our standards of living. Often, success has been achieved where the experts have failed, or have not even thought it worth while trying. For example:

Gillette, the inventor of the safety razor, was a travelling salesman in crown corks. Eastman, when he revolutionised photography, was a book-keeper. The inventor of the ball-point pen was at various times sculptor, painter, and journalist. The automatic-telephone dialling system was invented by an undertaker. Two Swedish technical students were responsible for the invention of domestic gas refrigeration. J. B. Dunlop, the inventor of the pneumatic tyre, was a vet. And so on.

Jewkes sums up this voyage of discovery by saying:

A greater part than formerly of the inventive individuals of western countries now find their way into organised institutions where inevitably some restrictions must be placed upon their activities. At times they have little or no choice; the very machines which are the adjuncts of their thinking . . . are quite beyond their private means . . . The trend is indisputable . . . But since invention has traditionally been so closely bound up with independence and since, even in this country, so many significant innovations have seen the light of day under these conditions, it may be asked whether the growing importance of the industrial research laboratory is an unmixed blessing.

But despite the wealth of evidence he adduces to press home the case for complete freedom for the individual inventor, I am still not happy about Professor Jewkes' attack on the organisation scientist. First and foremost, it has to me a feel of hankering for the past: what a pity that life is changing; how much better it would be if everything could be conducted in a cloistered atmosphere. This is, indeed, a plea for freedom. But the modern world is becoming increasingly interdependent, and standards of achievement—levels of effectiveness—in all fields, from sport to creative enterprise, are rising day by day. We are having to accept higher professional standards, and in so doing use all the new techniques and gadgets which can help. If in turn this calls for more co-ordination and administration we, in industry, must also ensure that these activities are themselves dynamic and creative. Within such a framework the individual can still remain an individual.

Buffers between Aspiration and Achievement

The institution is, naturally, used as a scapegoat when grievances are being vented—either there are too many rules and one feels stifled, or there are no rules, and people say 'No one knows what's going on around here'. Scapegoats are, perhaps, a buffer between our aspirations and our achievements: chase them and you chase but will o' the wisps, ignore them and you invite trouble.

There is surely, then, a close similarity between frustrations in industrial laboratories and those of the individual inventor: What wouldn't they do if they had more time, or more money, or if people were more interested!

Jewkes also quotes from Leonardo da Vinci—one of the most enlightened, creative men in history—and even he complained:

If indeed I have no power to quote from authorities as they have, it is a far bigger and more worthy thing to read by the light of experience. . . . They strut about puffed up and pompous, decked out and adorned not with their own labours but by those of others, and they will not even allow me my own. And if they despise me who am an inventor, how much more should blame be given to themselves—who are not inventors but trumpeters and reciters of the work of others?

Wherever we work, friction in various forms appears to be an essential ingredient of progress. Our job, it seems to me, is to understand it better.

Secondly, I found it difficult to square my knowledge of both large and small industrial laboratories with the impression Jewkes gave me that they were strictly authoritarian bodies, full of mediocrity and lacking in the atmosphere necessary for creative work. The ones I know are like small Chelseas, with just as much variety, spice of life, and individuality packed into them. And how does he imagine management instructs people to invent this or that? Of course they cannot. Decisions concerning future projects are inevitably based on a combination of factors and individual interests. The expressed preferences of the individuals

in the research team must always rank very high in determining what will *really* succeed and hence what will be chosen. Moreover, even after the choice has been made, people are always ready to follow a fresh scent. Jewkes argues that managers tend to prevent this, but at least one director I know of a large industrial research laboratory stresses that much of his time is devoted to 'studying the by-products', for he knows that herein may lie the really unexpected advances in knowledge.

Vital Requirements for Creative Activity

Jewkes says: 'The lure of adequate equipment, congenial intellectual society, and a secure livelihood provided by the institution is strong'. I personally believe they are more than just strong: they are vital requirements for creative activity in present-day conditions, when it is socially unacceptable to allow one's family to starve, when technical information is being disseminated at a much faster rate than any one person can cope with, when some degree of cross-fertilisation is necessary because specialisation has become inevitable, when it is essential to accept the added leverage which instrumentation can provide. Only in this way can we concentrate the human observation on the really creative—the new—aspects of the work in hand.

But, says Jewkes:

Machines record variations only in those factors they are set to measure. Where new and unsuspected factors can intrude, fruitful observation depends upon subtle personal skills for which the machine offers no real substitute. Indeed, the very paraphernalia of research may militate against the chances of discovery. For excessive reliance upon the machine may lead to the atrophy of the power of personal observation, through lack of its exercise.

I cannot agree with Jewkes here, for similar warnings were no doubt given about the dangers inherent in the growing use of the early machine tools—the first motor-cars—and surely we have all heard it said about television. I can cite, from our own experience, examples ranging from brain research to the design of space rockets in which effective electronic instrumentation not only produced answers which staggered the research engineers concerned but drastically cut the time they had anticipated would be necessary for completing their experiments.

Something else I really could not accept was the picture Professor Jewkes painted of the typical inventor as an outstanding genius—an artist, a delicate flower, someone born to create. Thomas Edison I believe it was who said: 'Genius is 1 per cent. inspiration and 99 per cent. perspiration'. Again, J. M. Barrie told us that 'Genius is the infinite love of taking great pains'. Bernard Shaw, who was certainly creative, had to work to a set programme which his secretary simply insisted he kept. We all like to have our own way but all of us have felt the stimulus of the target date, the word limit, the exhibition, the examination. This is surely not inventing to order. This is merely accepting the fact that outside stimuli have value—whether they be other people's good, or bad, opinions, whether it is warding off starvation or working for that new house.

Above all, creative activity, in the last analysis, seems to depend on believing: believing that a new standard is possible—believing in one's own ability to achieve that new standard of success. Jewkes admits this, but what I feel he misses is the influence of environment and example upon belief.

It is interesting to read that James Watt created from a practical background of knowledge of what could be done—he saw things being built in his father's workshops; and so did Sir Charles Parsons and Whittle, each from his own early environment. Mozart knew it was possible to make music from a very early age. And so, among one's own contemporaries, efforts are made to provide a suitable atmosphere for faith and enthusiasm to grow. Indeed every successful director of a research laboratory must regard it as an important part of his task in life to help his scientists, step by step, to improve and develop their individual abilities to create new ideas, new designs, new products for tomorrow.

Finally, we have recent proof that large organisations like the Atomic Energy Authority are achieving spectacular results from organised research. Similarly sputnik and the various successes of the Geophysical Year throughout the world bear tribute to the

(continued on page 784)

The Nations on Parade

An architectural commentary on the pavilions at Brussels, by J. M. RICHARDS

ONE of the most enjoyable features of the Brussels Exhibition is that you can travel round it in the air in a kind of Alpine ski-lift; or, rather, something between a ski-lift and the gadget that used to bring one's change in old-fashioned drapers' shops, only it does not move so fast. Small, brightly coloured tubs, suspended from pulleys and each holding two people, travel along overhead wires slung between pylons.

One ride takes you right through the cluster of national pavilions. I say through it, not over it, because this aerial tramway is not so very high up, and some of the buildings are enormous; you find yourself swinging along about the level of their eaves, able to peer at close quarters through their sheer glass walls; or, passing lower buildings, you can overlook their outer walls into the patios and gardens inside.

One such is the Dutch pavilion, close by where you embark. It is one of the biggest in area, and one of the best: imaginatively laid out, with paved causeways at different levels, covered and uncovered, and pools of water between, some of them roughened by artificial waves where the technique of land reclamation is being demonstrated. But you only have time for brief glimpses of vigorously handled brickwork, of brightly coloured funnels and cranes rising from the middle of a vast shipbuilding exhibit, and of a white goat tethered in one of the grassy courtyards, before your aerial tramway whisks you on, past the funny little concrete fort on a hillock representing San Marino, past the Austrian pavilion—a hollow square of grey louvred walls raised up on grey steel columns; and past the Argentine—a glass box with a semi-circular roof; till you fetch up under the lee of the enormous unfinished French pavilion.

This is one of the structural oddities of the exhibition, with its long tapering spar that counterbalances the main girder of the roof soaring away over your head, and I shall have something to say about it later. Meanwhile you must imagine yourself carried past it, underneath the high pedestrian viaduct that strides across this section of the exhibition grounds—a bold conception but somewhat clumsily built—and emerging into the open again alongside the ungainly wedge-shaped concrete slab that represents the Vatican.

Now you are above the roofs of the surrounding buildings—in fact above everything except the silvery bulk of the atomium, the exhibition's huge symbolic central feature, far away to the west—and you can look down on the spacious forecourt, glittering with pools and fountains, towards which the two biggest national pavilions face: the Russian and the American, the one formal and rectangular; the other formal and circular. These, too, I must come back to later. Squeezed between Russia and America, one cannot help feeling appropriately, is a dull little building shared by three Middle East countries, Egypt, Syria, and Iraq, and away at the back is Hungary, wholly obscured by Russia's vast bulk.



One of the pools at the Dutch pavilion, roughened by artificial waves as part of a demonstration of the way land is reclaimed. Below: the German pavilion



That short aerial journey has already made apparent the fascinating architectural variety of the national pavilions. But it has taken you past only a few of them. The others, including some of the best, must be seen from the ground. More or less due south of the point where you have now disembarked is a part of the exhibition that impinges on one of the Belgian royal estates. The landscape here has a pleasant park-like character, with undulating grassland separating clumps of beech-trees, and a stream flowing over stones at the foot of a flower-covered bank; and the pavilions placed here make good use of this setting. They are the German, the Swiss, the Yugoslav, the British, the Portuguese.

Undoubtedly the best is the German. A good many of the nations have built what

could be crudely described as glass boxes. But this can mean everything or nothing. The German pavilion shows how, with the aid of a beautifully worked out structure, attention to detail, and impeccable taste, a glass box—or, rather, an arrangement of glass boxes, abutting and penetrating each other in various subtle ways—can rise to the level of poetry.

The building is poised lightly above the green lawns that flow beneath and between the glassed-in galleries. The steel frame is painted black and there are thin vertical tie-rods painted white, and white venetian blinds; but little colour except for the delicate brown of some charming wicker umbrellas that adorn a stone-paved terrace. Yet the effect is neither puritanical nor dull. The transparency—the way not only the industrial and propaganda displays inside but the sky and the grass and the trees are reflected in the sheer glass walls—gives it liveliness and a sufficient feeling of colour. Incidentally, this building, which is wholly prefabricated, has been designed, with typical German practicality, so that it can be re-erected for use as a school after the exhibition is over.

Yugoslavia, next door to Germany, has a rather similar building that uses the landscape equally well, though it does not quite achieve Germany's beautiful simplicity. Like the German, its interiors are both tasteful and spacious, but restrained almost to the point of bareness. Several other countries, whose pavilions are basically glass boxes have made something interesting out of them: Portugal, Hungary, Canada, Luxembourg, Turkey; the last an absolutely simple cube of glass, rising above low screen walls enriched with coloured mosaics.

Nearby is Switzerland, planned round a central pool, consisting of a chain of hexagonal glass-fronted halls, sheathed in aluminium, as cold and angular as the Matterhorn. The inside is a little unsympathetic after the same fashion, though designed with careful taste and great precision. It is disappointing that the somewhat puritanical but exquisite taste of modern Swiss designers so often achieves an effect only of chilliness, drained of all vitality.

There remains, in this romantically landscaped corner of the exhibition, only one major national pavilion: the British. This is a sad affair to those who hoped to see Britain compete with the best in the matter of architecture, and sad too for those who are tired of the story of Britain's wealth of old ceremonies and her cherished traditional way of life. It is true that Britain's scientific achievements—the theme on which most of the nations have concentrated—are also described fully and effectively, but the note on which the exhibit opens is one of solemn traditionalism, and this note is struck—although more lightheartedly—at intervals throughout. But I am not so much concerned just now with the propaganda policy of the British Government as with the architecture of the British pavilion, though to some extent, of course, one arises out of the other. Its most prominent architectural feature is the trio of spires, or crystalline shapes as they are officially called, which mark the entrance. These are what you first see as you plod up the steep road towards the British section, with the gleaming aluminium sheds of the Swiss pavilion on your left and on your right an unexpectedly trim and workmanlike Spanish pavilion—a honeycomb of glass, aluminium, and brickwork—unfortunately not nearly finished inside.

I suppose there was something to be said for making the British building utterly different from the glass boxes that predominate in the foreign section. They are essentially containers—of varying aesthetic interest and quality—for exhibits that are visible within them; whereas this British effort is essentially an architectural gesture, made for the sake of its effect, though it also has the functional purpose of giving ceiling-height to the Hall of Tradition within. Such gestures, with their affiliations with theatrical scene-painting, are tricky things to undertake. One does not want to be puritanical about the theatrical gesture, especially in the context of an exhibition, but it must be assessed according to its own values and judged by the impact it makes.

This group of faceted spires, painted in shades of pale green, grey, and white, makes very little impact. They are not tall enough to impress by sheer size; their proportions are dumpy and they altogether lack scale. More than this, I think that every architectural shape, whether it is a mere container or a flamboyant gesture, must convey some feeling of its structural nature if it is to avoid looking like cardboard scenery, an achievement that should not have been beyond the capacity of this group of spires which is, in fact, rather ingeniously made out of self-supporting plywood panels.

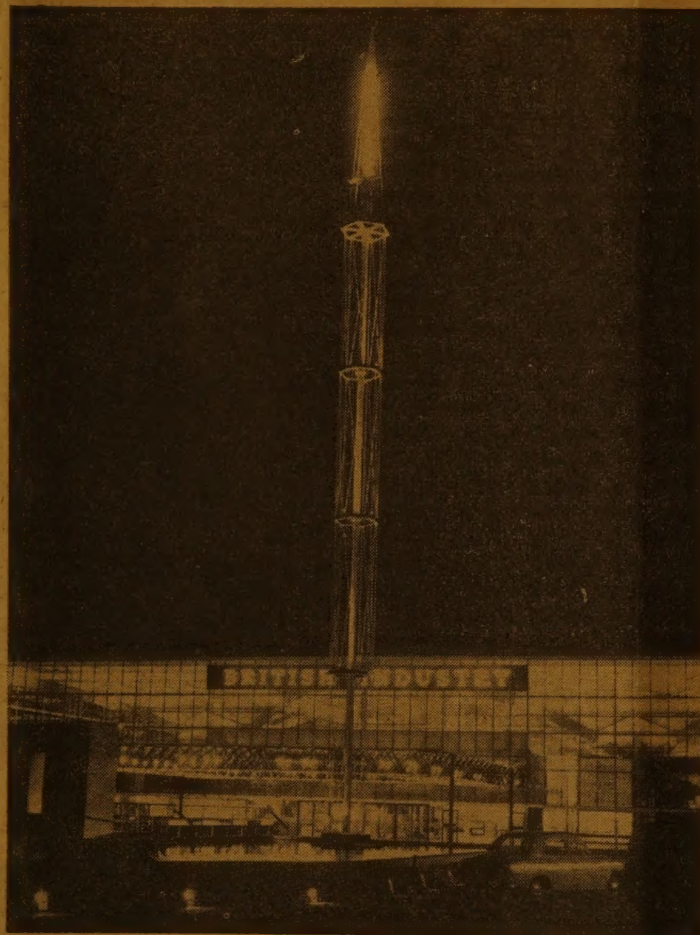
But no sense of structural adventure, and therefore no architectural authenticity, comes through; and as you get closer the absence of dignity is increased by the triviality of some of the details, by the modernistic patterning of the triangular walls which let coloured light through minute apertures into the interior, and by the oddity of a little, even dumper spire, similar in design, which sits by itself alongside the bigger ones and serves as a distinguished visitors' reception room. The entrance leads you straight into the darkened Hall of Tradition, where ceremonies,

regalia, and uniforms are spotlighted in an atmosphere of almost religious solemnity, so much so that male visitors, I noticed, when they came in, reverently removed their hats.

The climax of this softly-carpeted, richly-draped hall is the Annigoni portrait of the Queen, which is made to look in this setting even more like a cheap oleograph than it usually does. It is a relief to pass from here into the sequence of halls in which the achievements of British science are depicted, though the relief is not as great as it might be because the gloomy lighting continues, and you must almost feel your way among the shuffling crowds from one exhibit to another. The exhibits themselves are fascinating, but the contrast between this claustrophobic progress and a brisk walk round the clearly lighted interiors of other countries' pavilions is extraordinary.

You emerge eventually into the fresh air, into a series of diminutive courtyards, winding among trees enclosed by white brick walls. These deal with science and discovery and the British way of life, with a good deal of gaiety and charm but with a degree of whimsicality that, in my view, is not really suitable for export. Then you reach a larger courtyard, with the Britannia pub at one end, which, thank goodness, has not tried to be quaint, and you discover, looking across this courtyard, that Britain, too, has her glass box.

It is a very good specimen—high and square, with slim timber mullions on the outer face and a huge tubular steel roof. It is



The British Industry pavilion

boldly labelled 'British Industry'—in English, so that foreigners will make no mistake about whom it belongs to. But when you go inside you have another shock. You find that instead of staging a prestige display of the best products and processes, the British Government, alone among all the nations, have treated their industrial building as a trade fair. They (or, rather, the Federation of British Industries, who put it up) have simply sold the space in it by the square yard to commercial firms to erect their own stands. Cleverly though many of these stands are designed, the result is a riotous jungle of products and advertisements.

The designers of the British exhibit, it should be said, had not much money to spend compared with some nations. But others spent still less, and what some of them have done with it proves that economy of means need not stand in the way of putting on a first-rate show: Japan, for example. The beautiful Japanese pavilion, on the other side of a tree-clothed hill, is an airy glass-walled building with a curved roof springing away from a single pair of V-shaped concrete stanchions. It is gracefully modern but indubitably Japanese—another lesson to the British: you need not put on fancy dress to be yourself. Even the powerful engineering exhibits, which include a monster motor-lorry lacquered black and red, somehow look Japanese. And in the garden that surrounds it a Belgian chestnut tree, impelled by Japanese magic, has bent its branches into suitably gnarled and twisted shapes.

Norway and Finland are other countries that, like the British, have resisted the compulsions of the glass box, but with dignity and simplicity. The Norwegian pavilion is a brilliant example of imaginatively used space. The Finnish, which nestles appropriately against a fir-tree-planted hillside, smells of newly-sawn timber as you enter—timber used with customary Finnish inventiveness. Neither can have cost very much money.

But of course if you have money, there is plenty you can do with it, and the three biggest buildings—the Russian, the American, and the French—set about it in fascinatingly different ways. The French is at the same time the absurdity and the tragedy of the exhibition: traped not only because it is almost as unfinished inside as the Spanish but because boldness of conception deserves to be rewarded. Unfortunately, the French have made the mistake of sacrificing everything for boldness. In an exhibition a certain amount of exhibitionism is acceptable. But this great sagging rectangle of a building, with its spectacular counter-balanced roof, is simply a contraption. And a contraption must not only work, but bring advantages by working. The oppressive heaviness of the tubular-steel wall structure shows that this one does not.

You are now left with two more enormous pavilions to look at more closely. Refreshed by a quick lunch at the Vatican snack-bar, you will be able to face the stiff climb up to the Russian pavilion, which stands at the top of one of those enormous flights of steps, high enough in all conscience but ten times as wide, which seem to mean so much to the Russians.

The Russians, too, have built a glass box, but it is fascinating to note how, by making it of obscured glass, by closely subdividing the surface into vertical panels, and by emphasising its symmetry by means of a heavy columned entrance porch, they have divested it of the very qualities that make glass boxes so attractive to everyone else—their lightness and fragility. The inside is even

more ponderous than the outside in the usual Russian style: monumentally symmetrical; the favourite Russian colour-scheme of rose and green; endless panels of statistics in blocky white lettering.

I know it is easy to ridicule the bourgeois character of Russian taste while forgetting that it is not trying to compete with the sophistications of the West. But quality of design is not only a matter of taste. The vast anecdotal wall-paintings are bad by any standards, and the inevitable giant bronze peasant woman, with headscarf and sheaves of corn, is bad sculpture as well as being banal as a symbol.

So you come out; and standing again at the top of the Russian steps, looking towards the American pavilion, it strikes you how lucky it is for both of them—and for many other nations as well—that the oldest decorative device of all, massed flags, never seems to fail. Nor does the sparkle of water—the standby of every exhibition designer. In front of the American pavilion is a great oval pool with fountains.

The jet of one is used to turn a mobile sculpture, which stands black out of the water like a cachalot's tail.

The American pavilion is a drum-like building surrounded by slender gilded columns, rather formal and neo-classical. Inside, it is unexpectedly gay. The centre of the domed roof is open to the sky, with another shallow pool beneath it. The device of enclosing growing trees within the envelope of the building has been effectively exploited, and it is a relief to find that America has not set out to compete with Russia in presenting a picture of industrial power and progress. She has even



The Japanese pavilion with its curved roof springing away from a single pair of V-shaped concrete stanchions

left Russia to glorify the streamlined motor-car.

Instead she has painted a gentle, domesticated picture of the Americans at home: their leisure habits, their clothes, their children at play—all the things the foreigner knows least about. The climax is a working American drug-store. America, incidentally, is the only nation to give a good deal of space to a serious exhibition of first-rate modern art.

There are forty-two national pavilions altogether, but the rest are negligible architecturally or simply variations on some of the foregoing themes—except for the Italian, which is too unfinished as yet to be fairly judged. It remains to ask what sequel to expect from this vast concentration of architectural effort; for there exists a long tradition whereby exhibitions serve as a forcing-house for new ideas and tendencies. But Brussels is different, in the sense that the architects this time, instead of campaigning for some new idea, are for the most part exploiting a style that is already familiar: even in Britain it has become a commonplace since 1951. As a result, for all the good architecture to be seen at Brussels, its influence is likely to be more negative than positive.

If certain design clichés—including the glass box when it is too perfunctorily used—constitute a cul-de-sac, it is salutary for architects to have had this opportunity to explore it to its very end. But on getting there they will have discovered nothing but what they brought with them; for the good glass box is good because it is also good architecture. And bad architecture is bad whether it is a glass box or any other form of modernistic trickery. If the Brussels Exhibition marks the beginning of the end of the fashion for glass boxes used for their own sake, it will have done enough to earn a place in history.—*Third Programme*

The Listener

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Italian Visit

ON Tuesday the Italian President and Signora Gronchi are to land at Dover on a three-day State visit to this country. This will be the first State visit made by the head of the Italian State since King Victor Emmanuel III and Queen Elena came to London in May 1924. The last State visit to Italy from the United Kingdom was that of King George V and Queen Mary in April 1923, though the present Queen, as Princess Elizabeth, with the Duke of Edinburgh spent a fortnight there on a private visit in April 1951.

President Gronchi will be a welcome visitor to these shores both on his own account and on account of the people he represents. Born in Tuscany in 1887, he fought in the first world war and began his political career as a Catholic trade union leader. During the Fascist regime he retired from politics. Later, after presiding over the Christian Democratic Parliamentary Group, he became Speaker of the Chamber of Deputies, and on April 29, 1955, was elected President of the Republic. Thus he is a worthy representative of the new Republic, 'founded', as it is, 'on work', with sovereignty belonging 'to the people who exercise it in the forms and within the limits of the Constitution'.

Of Italy, with its long and chequered history, it may be said, as it may also be said of Austria, that there are two countries with which it was with particular dismay that during this century we found ourselves at war. Without going as far back as the Roman occupation, it is enough to recall that over the centuries the links between Italy and this country have in many spheres been especially close and friendly. In the world of trade and finance our banks here at home, to cite a small example, take their name from the benches of the early Italian money-changers, and our modern currency notes bearing the Chief Cashier's signature 'for the Gov: r and Comp: a of the Bank of England' remind us that the Bank is a *Compania* of Italian foundation, not a company. In matters of culture our countries have a great deal in common and it should be as true today to declare as Johnson did in the eighteenth century that 'a man who has not been in Italy is always conscious of an inferiority'. But Italy has her difficulties, the same as the rest of us, economic as well as political. She is not a wealthy country; the gaps between rich and poor are wide (in the south poverty is pretty well endemic), and unemployment is prevalent; for the problem of feeding her large population massive emigration no longer provides a solution; illiteracy, though not nearly so common as it used to be, is still in evidence. Yet much has been done, particularly on the economic front, to cope with the deficiencies; the damming of torrents to drive turbines for the generation of electricity, the use of natural methane gas as a source of energy, the adoption of the Vanoni Plan to extend and improve agriculture, are but a few examples of the efforts Italy is making. The Italians moreover are a resilient as well as an optimistic people. Their post-war recovery and the conversion of a Fascist state into a parliamentary democracy are achievements of which they may indeed be proud. In the situation of the world today Italy and Great Britain have, all sentiment apart, important common interests, and it will be the hope of all of us that as an outcome of President Gronchi's visit our two nations will be drawn yet closer together.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on world affairs

THE THEMES characterising May Day speeches and commentaries in the Communist world—which dominated Moscow and satellite broadcasts on May 1—were those which were the central topics during the whole week's broadcasts. These themes were the Soviet policy of peace contrasted with the West's continued insistence on nuclear armaments, nuclear tests, and United States H-bomb flights; and the solidarity and prosperity of the Communist world contrasted with the internal divisions and economic difficulties of the capitalist countries.

The leader in *Pravda*, broadcast by Moscow on May 1, proclaimed that 'the battle solidarity of the international proletariat is the guarantee of the invincibility of socialism'. The 'socialist camp, nearly a milliard strong', was invincible because of its social order, unity, and fraternal aid, while 'the imperialist camp' was 'eaten away by the incurable diseases of internal and external divisions'. Alleging that 'progressive humanity' supported 'the U.S.S.R.'s wise, peace-loving policy', the broadcast added:

If a handful of warmongers should dare to implement their criminal plans . . . the wrath of the peoples will wipe them off the face of the earth.

Reports of the Red Square May Day parade were broadcast in innumerable languages, including Arabic and Hindi. Marshal Malinovsky, reviewing the military parade (briefer than usual), denounced the Western Powers' rejection of Soviet proposals 'to avert the threat of war', adding:

Our peacefulness is not a manifestation of weakness. The Soviet Army, Air Force, and Navy are strong enough to thwart any attempt by imperialist reaction to disrupt the peaceful labour of our people.

The civilian parade was described as including 'a giant model of an atom', which, splitting in half, let out a white dove and gave the signal for the release of thousands of doves.

The Chinese radio, reporting on the three-hour parade in Peking, spoke of 150,000 workers marching to the song 'Overtake Britain!' A May Day article in the Chinese press was quoted on how the 'outstrip Britain' call was inspiring Chinese workers in the 'leap forward movement'.

Dr. Schweitzer's appeal against the nuclear danger, made over Oslo radio, was rebroadcast in full by the East German radio. An apologetic introduction by a Communist spokesman said:

We do not ask as to the religion or ideology of those who speak over our radio who wish to contribute to the elimination of the frightful danger of a nuclear war.

Moscow radio, which broadcast a summary of the appeal of this great Christian humanitarian, described Dr. Schweitzer as 'a scientific humanist' (a label used by Communists to describe one whose philosophy is based on atheist-materialism), and said:

In broadcasting a summary of them [Dr. Schweitzer's broadcasts against nuclear warfare], Moscow radio thinks it necessary to point out that they were written before the Soviet Union decided to put an end to nuclear tests.

President Nasser's visit to Moscow was another major topic in Moscow broadcasts—including those to the Arabic audience. According to Cairo radio, Moscow had never before given such a warm welcome to any leader as to 'this hero from the East'. A Moscow broadcast quoting *Pravda* stressed that the U.S.S.R. could not possibly have any selfish interests in the Middle East, because 'the desire to seize the wealth of other countries is alien to the very nature of our Socialist State'. The Arabic audience, as well as American listeners, were told that the United States proposal for international inspection of the Arctic was no sign of any desire to promote world peace, but 'clearly a propaganda gesture', intended to divert world attention from the Soviet protests against the 'provocative' American flights.

From Canada, the Prime Minister, Mr. Diefenbaker, on May 3 repeated his Government's offer to open the Canadian Arctic to international inspection if the Soviet Union would agree to similar inspection of its Arctic regions. He described the Soviet veto in the Security Council on the United States plan for Arctic inspection as 'a veto on the hopes of mankind for peace'.

Did You Hear That?

A 'BRAIN' FOR THE AIRCRAFT INDUSTRY

THE BRITISH AIRCRAFT INDUSTRY has designed a new machine which could revolutionise the building of aircraft component parts. One of the B.B.C.'s industrial correspondents, HAROLD WEBB, went to Stockport to see it and described it in 'The Eye-witness'.

'They call this mechanical brain a three-dimensional electronic programme - controlled high-speed contour milling machine', he said. 'Rather a mouthful, but it is useful to try to understand what this genius of a mechanical contraption can do, because it could become as important to the world's aircraft industry as "Vera" will undoubtedly become to the television industry. In fact, a comparison with "Vera" would not be altogether misplaced, for in the case of "Vera" what the scientist has done is to use magnetic tape as the tool for the recording and the subsequent transmission of film. And here, in this Stockport aircraft works, the scientists are using magnetic tape also as a tool, for the shaving and shaping of important and costly aircraft components.

'The draughtsmen on their drawing boards plan the shape of the component that is to be produced. Then coded instructions for the machine are worked out and typed on a ticker tape. The tape is then dispatched to Edinburgh where it is fed into an electronic computer which works out the mathematical details for the machine, and translates the answers in the form of electrical impulses which are recorded on magnetic tape. The tape is sent down to the Stockport factory where it is fed into the machine, and the physical work of shaping the component then begins.

'If you walked into the factory you would see a huge slab of aluminium clamped against a wall of steel, with the machine standing at its side and carving out the shape of an aircraft spar. It looks, in a mechanical way, of course, rather like an artist etching out the tracery of a complicated mural—except that no human hand is involved, and even the "creative" mind is that of a machine. The conception of the machine is the result of the demand in modern aircraft design for more speed, less weight, and cleaner outlines. It conforms to the trend of building single-piece component parts instead of riveted and bolted components. The men who have designed the device tell me it will revolutionise much of the work of building aircraft. Some components take eight weeks to make: now they can be done in less than three days, and they will be more efficient'.

NEW LIGHTING FOR GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL

A new system of lighting has been installed in Gloucester Cathedral, believed to be the first of its kind in the world. STEVE BLATCHFORD described it in a talk in the Home Service.

'Those responsible', he said, 'do not regard it as a revolutionary new step. To them it is one more stage in the work of building and rebuilding, repair and improvement that has gone

on almost continuously since King Osrick founded the Abbey Church of St. Peter at Gloucester in 681. Succeeding generations of craftsmen have added their skills and their toil to the task of expressing in stone, metal, wood, and stained glass things that often they were unable to express in writing, or even in their conversation. The latest step means that for the first time in centuries, possibly for the first time at all, people can see the full

aspiring height of the choir vault, culminating in the red, gold, and blue colours overlaying the intricate stonework. Even the great east window, the largest in England, does not admit enough light to see these features fully.

'The secret is directional lighting. The new system does not flood the cathedral in fierce competition with the sun; it bathes the building in a mellow glow which drifts gently across the church from south to north. In every part of the building, in the nave, the choir, the chapels, and the transepts, the plan has been to throw light on to the north walls, but to throw it at such an angle that it enhances the architectural forms by bringing them into gentle relief. You can see this best perhaps in the magnificent stone reredos behind the choir altar, or in the ambulatory where the delicate stone tracery of the tombs and the figures in the wall niches underline the hours of dedicated craftsmanship that went into their carving.

'It is appropriate that Gloucester Cathedral should lead the way in introducing such a lighting system, for it has given the lead to England, and to the

world, so many times in the past. It was here that William the Conqueror ordained the Domesday Book, and it was here, in 1042, that Edward the Confessor held the first form of English parliament—the Witan, or the Council of the Wise. But perhaps the most moving thing in the whole of the cathedral's history and possessions is the simple stone cross, standing in a tiny niche in the wall of the ambulatory. This was carved in Korea, in a prison camp, by Colonel Carne who commanded the Gloucester Regiment at the Imjim River, and it is a fitting commentary on those responsible for this new lighting that the effect they have achieved with this stone cross bears comparison with anything they have done throughout the cathedral'.

FISH AND CHIPS FOR EXPORT

One of the things the British soldier is apt to miss when he is far away overseas is fish and chips. In the old days there was nothing he could do about it except perhaps sit under a palm tree and imagine the feel of the warm paper packet in one hand and the feel of the fish and the chips in the fingers of the other. But recently, when a few British Tommies in Cyprus started to dream on these lines, a firm in Grimsby which happened to hear about it had the idea of sending out a few experimental packs of frozen fish and chips. Soon the idea was working so well that now this one factory alone is sending out 100,000 packs every week, not only to Cyprus but to Malta, Canada, and even to people who



The high altar and reredos in Gloucester Cathedral photographed after the installation of the new directional lighting system

Photograph: General Electric Co.

had never heard of fish and chips before. JAMES GOODRICH spoke about this new industry in 'Radio Newsreel'.

'At one of the two fish-and-chip factories in Grimsby', he said, 'I watched white-coated girls at the assembly line. First, I saw the fish being washed and prepared for the frying-pan. It had been caught, filleted, skinned, and deep frozen in a factory trawler some 2,000 miles away, and here at the factory the fish was defrosted, cut into portions, well battered, and then fried for two minutes in dripping at a temperature of 300 degrees.

'Chips were being fried by the thousand. Various frying materials had been tried, but it was found that for taste and appearance there was nothing like dripping. From the frying-pans the fish and chips passed to the packing line. Six ounces of fish and six of chips, enough for two people, were sealed while still warm in tin-foil boxes. The tin-foil box then went into a heavily greaseproofed carton, on which were printed the reheating instructions, and in half an hour from the time of frying the packs were being frozen down to minus 5 degrees. After two hours in the freezer the fish and chips were ready for export'.

THE TIWI PEOPLE

CHARLES MOUNTFORD, an Australian ethnologist and explorer, has spent much of his time during the last thirty years living with the aborigines of the Australian continent, and studying their beliefs and art. His last expedition, sponsored by the National Geographical Society of America, was spent with the Tiwi people of Melville Island which lies off the north coast, not far from Darwin. At present, Mr. Mountford is in England on a Nuffield Scholarship, and in 'The Eye-witness' he talked about the beliefs of these people of Melville Island.

'No one knows how long it is since the people of Melville Island have been cut off from the mainland by swift and dangerous tideways nor from whence they came', he said. 'Theirs is an isolated world. I found them to be a thoroughly delightful and friendly people who did everything they could to assist me in my researches.

'Two aspects of their life interested me most, birth and death—their beliefs in the origin of their children and their elaborate burial rituals. Incredible as it may seem to us, the people do not understand physical paternity, or, in other words, the part a father plays in the birth of his child. On Melville Island the native people believe that their children come from a spirit source—entirely self-existent little beings. The aborigines believe that they find their own mother, enter her body, and start life as human beings. These little spirit children, called *pitipituis*, live on islands just off the coast. When one of these *pitipituis* decides that it wishes to become a human being it embarks in its tiny canoe, paddles to the mainland, waits until everyone in the camp is asleep, then visits a married man in a dream to ask him where his wife is camping. The man directs the spirit child to his wife, the little *pitipitui* enters her body, and so starts its earthly existence.

'The ceremonies of death, on the other hand, are elaborate and extend over a period of about three months. On the death of a person the body is straightway buried in a deep grave, and the ceremonies that follow entirely concentrate on appeasing the spirit of the dead and protecting the near relatives from the dead spirit. For they believe that the spirit of the dead is lonely and is always endeavouring to steal the spirit of a living person as a companion, and the last name the dying man pronounces is the person which the dead spirit wants as his companion.

'The ceremonies that I saw following the burial last about three months. Every evening the people gathered to perform songs and

dances related to the dead man and his place of birth. During that time a number of men are set apart to carve and paint elaborate poles, some as high as twenty feet, which were later erected round the grave as a gift to the spirit. On the day of the final ceremony everyone, men, women, and children, paint their faces and bodies in most fantastic designs, so that they cannot be recognised by the spirit of the dead, who is always present at the final rituals.

'I shall never forget the scene of complete hysteria during the closing phases of the rituals—the men cutting their heads with sharp knives to show their grief while performing the most spirited dances; the women crying heartbrokenly as they beat their heads and bodies with sticks. Then, suddenly, everybody rushed to the graveside, and leaning over the burial poles they cried heartrendingly; then, just as suddenly, all was quiet. In silence the mourners walked away from the grave, only the widow remained, and for a long time I could hear her thin voice wailing, lamenting the man with whom she had spent her life'.



Wurarbuti, leader of the burial ceremony photographed by Mr. Mountford on Melville Island

'CAN YOU WALK SHIELDS?'

'Early on a fine summer morning', said ARTHUR BARTON in 'The Northcountryman', 'you could see them go by the end of our road—parties of ragged, tousle-headed boys, each with his bait wrapped in grubby newspaper, and a bottle of water sticking out of his pocket. One or two might carry a once-white haversack or a felt-covered water bottle, relic of the first world war. They stepped it out proudly, even the smallest, though they had already come seven miles and had four to go before they reached the sea. Late in the evening, when the great cranes and pit-heads were fading against the warm starless sky, they would return, silent now, shedding wreaths of seaweed and strangely shaped rocks, lightening their pockets of the day's junk in utter weariness; the youngest sometimes asleep on a brother's shoulder, but all proud as peacocks because they had "walked Shields".'

'This was our earliest venture abroad in those days. "Can you walk Shields?"—the preposition was never used—was a challenge all we Tyneside children knew well. We trained for it from infancy, and accomplished it, often at the cost of a good hiding, at about our seventh year. Shields, by which we meant South Shields, was our nearest coast town, and an exciting Mecca to every young pilgrim. Living only four miles from it, we had no need to be afoot as early as the pathetic bands from Gateshead and Newcastle. Somehow we always seemed to start at high noon, when the sun blazed down on hot cement, and feet ached in grey sandshoes before we had got out of the street. Nevertheless, we hurried on, cutting down lanes and alleys, until at the end of the town we saw the square tower of the "Old Church", the glittering mudflats, and the broad cobbled road to Shields.

'We skirted the flats, where, away to our left, a half-built ship in an abandoned shipyard lay like the skeleton of a primeval monster, and soon we reached Tyne Dock. Here we rested on our hunkers, against the dock wall, while carthorses clashed by over the burning cobbles and the roar of iron-shod wheels drowned our argument. There was always a dispute here as to whether we should go by Stanhope Road or Holborn.

'But always, in time, we moved on past the bucket-and-spade shops, the tall houses where old sea-captains lived, the trees of the marine parks, the flimsy figure-of-eight railway, and the first of all lifeboats until we saw the sea. Then, all tiredness forgotten, we ran and ran, until our feet sank at last in blessed sand, and our shrill voices were answered by the welcome thunder of breaking waves'.



Team of oxen hauling in sardine nets at Costa Nova, Portugal

'The Good Old Days' in Portugal

By WALTER JAMES

MR. PICKWICK first came across Sam Weller in the courtyard of the White Hart Inn, High Street, Borough. And what was Sam Weller doing? Cleaning boots. It is a great thing to have shoes well cleaned when you stay at a hotel. When I travel about England in these days it is only with the greatest difficulty—or so it seems—that I get my shoes cleaned at all. Perhaps we are all so grand, so busy, so technologically minded, that there is no one left to clean shoes. But in every square in Lisbon, in every tree-lined street, there is a small army of men or boys marching, with only one idea in their heads—to clean your shoes. They carry the implements in a small box slung over their shoulders: mysterious liquids, an assortment of brushes, efficacious rags. I know of no place where shoes shine quite so brightly as here, in the city that launched the second empire of the modern world.

Portugal, you see, is out of step. If you want not just to talk about but to live in the good old days, it is to Portugal you must come. There they are, in veritable fact, the good old days, with all their goodness—and badness. The shoe-cleaners are their sign: servants. Servants is almost a bad word in our understanding; but not in Portugal. You remember the smart chamber-maid who called over the balustrades to Sam Weller at the White Hart? No hotel in Portugal today is

without her like, many times over. Black dress, starched lace apron, gleamingly turned out, tremendous vitality, and one aim only, to make you comfortable and to please.

It is, the visitors who are discovering Portugal in greater numbers every year will tell you, the good old days. And not only in service: there is space—room to move about. Room on the roads, room in the restaurants, room on the railways. In England we struggle for seats on the trains. When we take boat for France we are hard pressed to find a patch of deck to sit on, so great has become the appetite of our population for the improving process of foreign travel. In Portugal you can sit in the restaurant car of the *rapido* that runs to the south every other day and eat your excellent lunch in solitary state. Perhaps the Portuguese have a prejudice against eating on trains. Whatever it is, there is room, room to spare.

Then quietness: nothing is so quiet as the thick-carpeted public rooms of the Aviz—Lisbon's most famous hotel—where the fabulous Gulbenkian chose to spend his last days in a flat on the top floor. Away from the centre of Lisbon, in a garden filled with flowers and shrubs that press over the balconies, lies this survival of an earlier age—thirty-one bedrooms only. But every bedroom is hard to get, for the Government does a great deal of entertaining. The restaurant is easier—anyone can drift in. I had a meal there with



Children playing in one of Lisbon's back-streets

my wife not long ago: martinis, asparagus soup, lobsters, strawberries and cream; the native wine, the native brandy, the almost native cigar. And what did it come to? Thirty shillings each. It is a good deal to spend on a meal. But let us remember that this is one of the great historic hotels of Europe. This is a hotel of kings and emperors. The bill is another reminder of the good old days. Portugal does not know about inflation. The escudo is hard currency; it stands very solidly beside the dollar and the Swiss franc. The minimum fare for taxis in Lisbon is what we should say was 7½d.—and there is a taxi at every corner.



Orange stall at a Portuguese country fair

The snag? There must be a snag to all this, you will be saying. Well, there is a snag to all this—and it is poverty. There are many poor people in Portugal. If you travel about the country you will notice in almost every village a fine, brand-new primary school—brand-new because in almost every case they did not have one at all until a few years ago. The doctors in Portugal are very good. They have splendid medical schools in Coimbra and Lisbon, and they are well up in advanced American practice. The Portuguese doctor may well have learnt his craft from the Americans. In fact, one of the anxieties about going to him is lest you be experimented upon with the latest American drugs. But he is expensive, the Portuguese doctor. Your life is important to you and he will make you pay for it. There is no National Health Service in Portugal. It is a poor country; a small country, too, with a small population.

I do not myself see how they can easily make it very much richer. The export trade is in cork, wine, canned fish, olive oil, and fruit—beautiful fruit: oranges, lemons, melons, pineapples, dried figs, and almonds. But you cannot quickly increase your national income by selling more of these things. It is a poor country to us, who sell motor-cars, jet engines, and atomic power plants. It is not easy for the Portuguese to keep up with us when it comes to paying for social services. But they were grateful to the Chancellor of the Exchequer when, the other week, he took two shillings a bottle off port.

We British are apt perhaps to be a little severe with Portugal for not keeping up—for somehow having got left out of the technological revolution and the atomic age and all that. When we drive along the empty country roads in the bright sun, with the geranium hedges on each side, and the bougainvillea blooming over the houses, we may feel inclined to say 'This is all very well—but . . .'. But what? It is not for us to say how a welfare state can be financed out of an export trade of port wine and oranges. We ought perhaps to think of ourselves as part of Europe and to think backwards as well as forwards—to set things in proportion, and to ask whether Portugal had earned her keep in Europe. If we thought like that, we might say she has done her stint. If we walk to the top of any of the many hills on which honey-coloured Lisbon is built, we can look out and see with our own eyes where the broad Tagus River runs into the Atlantic. It is not a mouth just of Portugal, this channel between two slithers of bright sand, but a mouth of Europe. From the Tagus, before our own seamen stirred, little boats put out to Africa, to India, to the Americas, and even to China. It is no small civilising work this little country has done.

Consider only Brazil, over 50,000,000 population, discovered by the Portuguese in 1500. If you want to talk of technological revolutions, and see skyscrapers like those of São Paulo, and luxury beaches like Rio's Copacabana, and new cities growing up

to make the steel which the greatest cattle ranching, coffee- and sugar-growing country of the world needs to give it a balanced economy, then you cannot deny Portugal her part in all this. Brazil is no mean country. Brazil shows every sign of having what it takes. But the Brazilian will make no bones about it at all. Portugal, for him, is 'where we came from'. Portugal for him is Europe, the motherland. The Brazilian may do his business in New York, Chicago, Amsterdam or Dusseldorf, but Lisbon, with her hospital of the Misericorde looking down on the Black Horse Square, is the capital from which he took his birth.

It is a good thing in a family not to get impatient

with, not to start despising, the older members. At one time they were very active, setting the characters of those who were still growing up. We British pride ourselves on being a sea-faring race, but the Portuguese prince Henry the Navigator, himself the son of an English mother, charted the seas from Europe to India and from Europe to South America before we came along. We have a Commonwealth. Portugal, with massive tracts in Africa, and still its footholds in India, has one far older. Old allies, we are much of a muchness.

When we are in England we look back with mixed feelings on the good old days. When we taste them in actual fact in Portugal—their spaciousness, their ease—we may have a twinge of guilt. When we find it easy to slip into a seat on the train, to catch a taxi, to sleep in a luxury hotel for twenty-five shillings, bed and breakfast, we may start thinking of the many who cannot. The ordinary Portuguese does not do so well according to our standards. He cannot afford to buy much meat. He subsists on soup, and lentils, and dried cod. Portugal has one of the greatest schooner fleets in the world, all in sail, which goes off every year to bring back cod from the Newfoundland banks. And this poor man, the citizen of an old empire, is not without his compensating blessings. It is not quite so hard to be a poor man when the sun shines warm for the greater part of the year.

I am not entirely ignorant of unhappy peoples. I was in Tredegar in the 'thirties. I have waited in a South Wales clinic in the great depression of that time. I think I know the look of a people not happy in the world. The Portuguese have all the drawbacks of living in the good old days. Many of them are very poor. But walking about Lisbon, and the fishing villages like the famous Nazare with its painted boats, and the small ports of the south like Lagos, where the fleets of our admirals would shelter in the wars against Napoleon, I do not get the feel of an unhappy people. Their antique songs, the fados, not so far removed from the Spanish flamencos, are sad songs. But as Roy Campbell, that great champion of the Portuguese, once said, sad songs are the invention of gay peoples. The Portuguese seem to me gay—not over worried by the weight of an empire which they cannot quite afford. They look happy, having a greater share of the good old days than is left to us.—Home Service

B.B.C. Engineering Monographs Nos. 17 and 18 are now published. No. 17 is entitled *The Design of a Linear Phase-shift Low-pass Filter*; the filter is intended 'to remove noise and other irrelevant information above approximately 3 Mc/s from the output of a television camera control unit'. No. 18, *The B.B.C. Colour Television Tests: An Appraisal of the Results*, outlines the technical considerations involved in an adaptation of the American N.T.S.C. colour television system to the 405-line standard used in this country. The Monographs, 5s. each, post free, can be obtained from B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1.

A Metaphysical Satirist

C. V. WEDGWOOD on John Cleveland

THREE hundred years ago, on April 29, 1658, John Cleveland died; John Cleveland the Cavalier poet whom his friends knew as 'a good latinist and exquisite orator', who was revered by the wits of his time for his 'high panegyrics and smart satires', who was generally recognised by the adherents of Charles I as 'the first champion that appeared in verse for the King's Cause', and was even alleged by admirers to have struck with his pen 'blows that shook the triumphing Rebellion'. This view does not seem to have been altogether rejected by the Roundheads, who imprisoned him at one time for no better reason than that he was 'a person of great abilities and so able to do the greater disservice'.

During the Civil War and Commonwealth his attacks in prose and in verse on Parliament men and Puritan teachers, on time-serving journalists and on Scotsmen had circulated merrily in print and in manuscript, defying the blustering censorship of the party in power. Cleveland's signature attached to any squib served as an advertisement for quality, and unscrupulous scribblers 'laid their cuckoo's eggs in his nest' or, in other words, printers and manuscript-mongers added his name to spurious pieces whenever it suited them to do so. He was himself careless and free with his manuscripts, handed them about casually to his friends and often kept no copy of his own.

All through the troubled years of the mid-seventeenth century he enjoyed an underground and partisan popularity, the chief satirist and wit of the Royalist resistance. Yet when he died Thomas Fuller wonderingly noted that 'never so eminent a poet was interred with fewer elegies upon him'. In that epoch when mourning verse was heaped as plentifully on biers as mourning wreaths are today, a handful of lame and belated tributes was all poor Cleveland's score. One of these mourners, after declaring that the poet's death has called forth 'melancholy brays from Pegasus' hoarse throat', prophesied that Cleveland's name would shine undimmed 'until earth's grand calcination'. Another more deftly hailed him as one

Who with true fire and just poetic rage,
Did scourge the furies of this cursed age,
Who with a single thrust of rapier'd wit
Made tyrant, traitor, kirk and Scot submit.

But the truth was that Cleveland enjoyed his highest popularity when he was alive. A few devoted disciples tried to perpetuate his memory after his death with new editions of his poems which went on to the end of the century, but he was never really to the taste of the younger generation, the polished post-Restoration wits. A bare ten years after his death Dryden was writing:

We cannot read a verse of Cleveland without making a face at it; as if every word were a pill to swallow; he gives us many times a hard nut to break our teeth without a kernel for our pains.

Alas, poor Cleveland. He suffered a double eclipse: as a poet his style went out of fashion; as a satirist his jokes went out of date. He will never again occupy the high position that he once briefly held. But he has during the last fifty years climbed unobtrusively back to a secure if minor place in literature. Two editions of his poems appeared during the first twenty-five years of this century; he is a central figure in Dame Rose Macaulay's novel *They Were Defeated*. Professor Preville Orton justly said of him:

Cleveland stands pre-eminent as a satirist of real distinction and originality, the founder of a new department of English literature. He is the first English writer of partisan verse, purely political in his aims.

This last is his true significance in the history of literature, but he would not have wished to be remembered for that alone. A writer at once learned and witty, consciously bold in his conceits, an ingenious practitioner in an age of competitive ingenuity among poets, he would have wished his work to be judged as a whole. And indeed it is best looked at that way, for the daring metaphors and elaborate conceits of his love poetry are echoed and developed in his political squibs and satires. The same virtues flash out of his verses and the same weaknesses obscure them whether he is celebrating a mistress or excoriating a political enemy.

John Cleveland was born in 1613, the son of a clergyman, in Leicestershire. He went to Cambridge at fourteen and became a Fellow of St. John's College at twenty-one, where, if Aubrey is to be believed,

he had a greater reputation as a disputant than as a poet. That was in 1634. Eight years later the Civil War broke out between King Charles and his Parliament; Cambridge, cut off in Puritan East Anglia, with Oliver Cromwell in person keeping a menacing watch on the university, was no place for a man of strongly Royalist sympathies. Oxford, as one of his biographers tells us, was now become 'the most proper and proportionate sphere for wit learning and loyalty', and thither to the King's headquarters Cleveland went. About May 1645 he was appointed judge-advocate in the large and important garrison at Newark. Apart from his legal responsibilities in this post he composed for the governor, Lord Bellasis, a very noble rejection of the Parliamentary summons of surrender. It was later printed among his prose works, a splendid piece of loyal rhetoric, though the actual form used by Bellasis in March 1646 is rather shorter and more business-like.

Newark surrendered six weeks later and Cleveland passed into the unhappy limbo that awaited Royalist scholars without private means; he seems to have received a small allowance from some more fortunate friends and to have lived in and out of their houses. Sometimes he wrote for one of the Royalist newspapers which came out from clandestine presses despite the teeth of the



John Cleveland, the Cavalier poet, who died 300 years ago last month: a portrait by Isaac Fuller

By courtesy of the Trustees of the Tate Gallery

censorship. After the King's execution he retired to the country and was arrested in November 1655 while staying in the house of a Cavalier friend in Norwich. He had aroused suspicion by living, as his accusers put it, 'in genteel garb' which his wretchedly small income did not seem to justify, and they were frankly unwilling to believe that he was doing nothing but a little secretarial work for his host. Indeed it does seem much more likely that he was concerned in the active network of Royalist resistance and though nothing could be proved against him he was sent as prisoner to Yarmouth castle. Hence, after three months, he wrote an eloquent appeal to Cromwell, asserting—again with truth—that had he really been a rich man he could have bought himself out but 'I have no acres to my hostage'. He went on:

If poverty be criminal, I must implead Your Highness, whose arms have reduced me to it, as accessory to my guilt. Let it suffice my Lord that the calamity of war hath made us poor; do not punish us for it. Who ever did penance for being ravished? ... I beseech Your Highness put some bounds to our overthrow ... Can that towering spirit that hath quarried upon kingdoms make a stoop at us who are the rubbish of those ruins?

The appeal seems to have been effective, for very soon after he was set free from what he calls his 'withering durance', apparently at the orders of the Lord Protector in person. He passed his few remaining years in London, living in Gray's Inn, and, on the authority of Aubrey, having a 'club' every night with Samuel Butler, who had not yet published *Hudibras*, and other like-minded Cavalier wits.

Fluent and Excitable Invention

Though we have an outline of his life, we know very little of his character except what can be deduced from his writing. He was clearly a man of fluent and excitable invention; one imagines him arguing well by bounding from point to point and making his opponent dizzy. Neither in poetry nor in prose can he sustain or really develop a theme; he can only decorate it with a stupendous array of images. At his best he can dazzle completely with the boldness, the eccentricity, and ingenuity of his invention; at his worst he is awkward, laboured, and boring. Yet almost every poem, almost every prose statement will suddenly flash out a visual image, apt and startling. Donne's love had been his America, his new-found-land. Cleveland goes one better in writing of his mistress:

Is not the universe strait-laced
When I can clasp it in the waist?
My amorous folds about thee hurled,
With Drake I girdle in the world;
I hoop the firmament and make
This, my embrace, the zodiac.

His intention is never or rarely quite serious. Half the time he seems to be mocking at the fashionable conceits of the day by outdoing them. Though he was a scholar he was never austere—boisterous rather, ready to enjoy and to praise the good things of life. He attacks headlong the fashion for Platonic love:

For shame thou everlasting wooer,
Still saying grace and never falling to her! ...
Give me a lover bold and free,
Not eunuched with formality,
Like an ambassador that beds a queen
With the nice caution of a sword between.

And he is delightful about the bee which comes buzzing round his lady:

He tipples palmistry and dines
On all her fortune-telling lines ...

His most famous poem, the exquisitely melodious, dexterously scanned 'Mark Antony' piles up in its last verse to a very ecstasy of strange conceits:

Mystical grammar of amorous glances;
Feeling of pulses, the physic of love;
Rhetorical courtings and musical dances;
Numbering of kisses arithmetic prove;
Eyes like astronomy;

Straight-limbed geometry;
In her art's ingeny
Our wits were sharp and keen.
Never Mark Antony
Dallied more wantonly
With the fair Egyptian Queen.

While Cleveland was enjoying the pleasures of youth at Cambridge, the Puritan opposition to the King and the Church gathered strength. In 1640 the Church required all members of learned professions to swear an oath not to subvert 'the government of this Church by Archbishops, Bishops, deans, and archdeacons, etc.'. That 'etc.' was fatal; did it, the Puritans asked, conceal the mass, the Pope, the Church of Rome? Cleveland found in the Puritan complaints the inspiration for his first and one of his funniest political satires. He imagines a Puritan crying out:

I say to thee, &c., thou liest!
Thou art the curled lock of Antichrist;
Rubbish of Babel; for who will not say
Tongues were confounded in &c?

The controversy by this time supplied matter rather for tragedy than comedy. The King's chief minister, the Earl of Strafford, was hounded to the scaffold by Parliament and executed on May 12, 1641. Soon after a broadsheet epitaph was being sold in the London streets:

Here lies wise and valiant dust
Huddled up twixt fit and just;
Strafford who was hurried hence
Twixt treason and convenience;
He spent his time here in a mist;
A Papist, yet a Calvinist;
His Prince's nearest joy and grief
He had, yet wanted all relief;
The prop and ruin of the State
The People's violent love and hate;
One in extremes loved and abhorred.
Riddles lie here, or in a word,
Here lies blood; and let it lie
Speechless still and never cry.

Is it Cleveland's? Editors have been doubtful. It is in some editions of his works, not in others. But who, if not Cleveland, could have written it? The mock epitaph of a famous man was a common enough type of broadsheet, but no earlier one that I know of has this formidable power, or the close political exactitude which characterises Cleveland's known satirical work. Two lines, the weakest and the most puzzling to the modern mind, are a strong argument to Cleveland's authorship.

He spent his time here in a mist;
A Papist, yet a Calvinist.

Professor Saintsbury says 'Obscure but Clevelandish'. Clevelandish certainly, but not really obscure. Strafford as a strong supporter of the King and the Archbishop was no doubt called 'Papist' by the Puritans. But in fact—a strange paradox of history—the private religion of this man, this friend of Archbishop Laud, was very close to Calvinism. Laud twitted him for it in his letters sometimes. This 'Calvinism' of Strafford's would not be widely known, but he had been educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, of which Cleveland was a Fellow; and his private religious beliefs may have been spoken of in the Senior Common Room there when the dons were talking, as dons from time to time do, about their distinguished alumni.

Poems to Prince Rupert

Gaiety reasserts itself in Cleveland's best satires, written in the congenial company of the Cavaliers in Oxford and at a time when the Royalists felt assured of victory. Wartime Oxford in 1643 was dominated by Prince Rupert, the twenty-three-year-old nephew of the King who created and led the splendid Royalist cavalry. To him Cleveland wrote a long poem full of pointed topical attacks on the King's enemies, whom he accused of fearing not only Rupert but even his dog:

They fear the giblets of his train, they fear
Even his dog, that four legged cavalier ...
Who, name but Charles, he comes aloft for him,
But holds up his malignant leg at Pym.

And he has a conceit as elaborate as any in his love poems to

explain why the daring Prince emerged unscathed from the hottest fighting:

He gags their guns, defeats their dire intent;
The cannons do but lisp and compliment.
Sure, Jove descended in a leaden shower
To get this Perseus; hence the fatal power
Of shot is strangled. Bullets thus allied
Fear to commit an act of parricide.

The same boldness inspires the innumerable images in which Cleveland describes his feelings when the King, defeated, fled from Oxford disguised as a serving man, concluding with a piece of typical Clevelandish daring:

O the accursed stenography of fate!
Our princely eagle shrunk into a bat!

During the years at Oxford, Cleveland occasionally turned his hand to prose satire, the principal objects of his attack being the London newspapers and their writers. The English press had been born with the Civil War; the King ran a single newspaper from Oxford, but the name of the London journals was legion. Their reckless inaccuracy was not wholly their own fault at a time when news was hard to get and harder still to check, but it was easy game for anyone who chose to attack them, and Cleveland was not the only one. His essays in this *genre* seem rather long and laboured today but he strikes off a memorable phrase now and again. Tom May, a failed poet turned journalist, was then selected by Parliament to write an official history of the war. This provoked Cleveland into writing that to call a journalist a historian was 'to give the reputation of an engineer to a maker of mousetraps'.

Most famous of all his political poems was his satire on 'The Rebel Scot', written when the Scots invaded England as the allies of Parliament. This desertion by his own people had not been anticipated by the King and he felt it very bitterly. Hence the feeling of outrage which vibrates in Cleveland's lines, echoing the angry comments of the Court:

Come, keen iambics, with your badger's feet—
And badger-like bite till your teeth do meet—

he invokes his angry muse and proceeds to bite out line after line of furious hatred against 'the pigwigin myrmidons', the invading Scots, whom he compares to a pack of wolves:

Nature herself doth Scotsmen beasts confess,
Making their country such a wilderness:

A land where one may pray with cursed intent,
'Oh may they never suffer banishment'.
Had Cain been Scot, God would have changed his doom;
Not forced him wand'ring, but confined him home.

Even the critical Dryden, twenty years later, admired the neatness of that last couplet. Indeed he admitted, as well he might, that from time to time Cleveland could strike off something wonderfully neat and deadly. It is a long way from Cleveland's confusion of ideas and images to the assured satire of Dryden, but it is certain none the less that Cleveland began it all. Whatever his achievement, his influence is unquestioned. Samuel Butler knew him well, and *Hudibras*, that masterpiece of general satire on the Puritans, abounds with echoes of Cleveland's ideas. Dryden might, not without justice, deplore the elaborated difficulty of Cleveland's verse, but Dryden was not himself an originator of ideas, and would he have written satire at all, if Cleveland had not first sprung in, with these fiercely political poems, aimed ferociously line by line and allusion by allusion at a current political situation?

The very things that made his manner effective at the time have done him disservice with posterity. His wit pierced the folly of this or that public figure at one particular moment. But within a dismayingly short time whole tracts of his political verse would be dead, to be understood only by means of footnotes, and not always then. The fame Cleveland enjoyed in his own day was thus his chief reward. He lacked the transcendent genius to give to his topical satire those touches of the universal which would preserve it; yet he was none the less an innovator of no small importance in English literature. But he would have wished to be remembered as a poet, not as a portent. At his best he created a handful of images which amuse and delight and more occasionally achieve a subtle perfection of rhythm:

When as the nightingale chanted her vespers,
And the wild forester couched on the ground,
Venus invited me in th' evening whispers
Unto a fragrant field with roses crowned,
Where she before had sent
My wishes' compliment;
Unto my heart's content
Played with me on the green.
Never Mark Antony
Dallied more wantonly
With the fair Egyptian Queen.

—Third Programme

The Eighteenth-century Cabinet-makers

By JOHN LOWE

WHEN I gave a talk for collectors last November about English antique furniture* I emphasised that no knowledge was more important, both to the collector and anyone interested in the history of furniture, than a thorough understanding of the different crafts used by the furniture-maker in the past. I want here to say something more about the cabinet-maker of the eighteenth century, the golden age of English furniture, and to show what an important and varied part he played in the creation of the many magnificent houses of that period.

I am certain that the more you know how a piece of furniture was made, why certain woods were chosen, what tools were used, how a drawer was fitted or a veneer laid, the better will be your judgement and the greater your appreciation and enjoyment of the finished work. With such knowledge you will not only be able to distinguish the genuine from the fake, but, what is equally important, to tell the best genuine furniture from the second rate.

However, all the knowledge in the world will not help you if you do not look at furniture properly. Many people I know stand for a few seconds in front of a piece; some bolder spirits tentatively open a drawer a few inches, and then snap it shut before it bites them and quickly move on to the next piece.

Suggest to the same people that they should examine a car without looking under the bonnet and they would think you mad. One expert I know always goes at a piece of furniture with the persistence of an excited terrier. As he pulls out the drawers, scrutinises the back and underneath, examines the lock-plates and hinges, and searches in the darkest corners of the carcase, mentally he reduces the piece back to a pile of planks and batten, then builds it up again, checking each joint and screw hole to see that it fits with his knowledge of the methods used at that particular period. That is the way to look at furniture—not always possible, I know, but when you do have the opportunity, take it, for it will give you a feeling for furniture that cannot be learnt in any other way.

But obviously, before you can get the most out of this kind of examination, you must know something of the different crafts that have gone into the making of the piece you are analysing. It would be impossible for me now to describe all the different crafts employed by the eighteenth-century cabinet-maker, for the techniques of the joiner, chair-maker, carver, gilder, veneerer, polisher, and upholsterer, to mention only some of them, are as numerous as they are complicated. All I can do here is to give a general picture of how the cabinet-making trade was evolved in the eighteenth century and how a large firm like Chippendale's,

with its many specialist craftsmen and various workshops, its showrooms and timber yard, was organised, and from the other side to give you some idea of how people chose and bought their furniture in the eighteenth century.

During the first half of the eighteenth century, the cabinet-maker rapidly expanded the scope of his business, until the larger firms, both in London and in the provinces, calling themselves cabinet-makers and upholsterers, not only made every type of furniture but also provided a complete service for the decoration and maintenance of the interior of a house. Besides supplying furniture, carpets, curtains, and wallpaper, and undertaking the actual work of decoration, they also dealt in second-hand furniture, did repairs, undertook removals, and, as an ultimate service, acted as coffin-makers and undertakers. As existing accounts show, no job connected with a house was too large or too small, and items may range from a mahogany desk for £40 to cleaning the gutters for 2d.

The development of these two trades, the cabinet-maker's and the upholsterer's, leading to their eventual union, started in the seventeenth century. Before the Restoration in 1660 the various furniture-making trades, the joiner, the turner, and the chairmaker, worked independently, the rights of each craft jealously protected by its particular guild. This system was both inconvenient and uneconomic, and after the Restoration, which introduced new standards of luxury and comfort and made increased demands of the furniture trade, the guilds

lost control and the division of crafts was no longer enforced. At this time the fashion for veneered furniture was introduced from Europe, and a further reason for the guilds' loss of control was that the only men who knew this craft were the immigrant craftsmen coming to England from France and Holland, whom English joiners were forced to employ and learn from if they were to supply the furniture that fashion demanded.

So we first meet the cabinet-maker, the craftsman who made veneered furniture, as distinct from the joiner who made his furniture of solid wood. At first the English joiner employed the foreign cabinet-maker to veneer his furniture for him, but in time, as veneered work largely replaced the less elegant plain joinery, the cabinet-maker became master, employing not only the joiner but also the chairmaker, carver, turner, gilder, and every other kind of craftsman, till his shop made all types of furniture. Though the English craftsman quickly learnt the new craft and became master of it, the initial debt of English furniture to the immigrant workmen is enormous, and their importance is reflected in the fact that two of the first eighteenth-century cabinet-makers to the Crown—John Pelletier and Gerrit Jensen—were both of foreign origin.

A similar development took place in the upholstery trade. As one contemporary writer tells us:

The Upholder was originally a species of Taylor, but by degrees has crept over his head, and set up as a connoisseur in every article that belongs to a House. He employs journeymen in his own proper calling, cabinet-makers, glass grinder, looking-glass framers, carvers for chairs, Testers and Posts for Beds, the Woollen Draper, the mercer, the Linen Draper and several species of smith and a vast army of tradesmen of the other mechanic branches.

So the two trades of interior decoration slowly came together, until by the second half of the eighteenth century we find a gigantic firm like George Seddon's occupying a house with six wings in Aldersgate Street, where over 400 journeymen were employed and whose total stock in 1789 was valued at £118,926; the stock of carpets alone was worth over £9,000. This, of course, was exceptional. We do not know the exact size of Chippendale's business, but a record of the 'chests of twenty-two workmen' burnt in a fire in 1755 suggests a more modest and probably more average kind of establishment.

Let us take a closer look at Chippendale's workshops, for a plan of the premises he rented in St. Martin's Lane in 1754 still exists* and it gives one a good idea of the facilities required by a fashionable cabinet-maker of the period. St. Paul's Churchyard and St. Martin's Lane were the two most important centres of

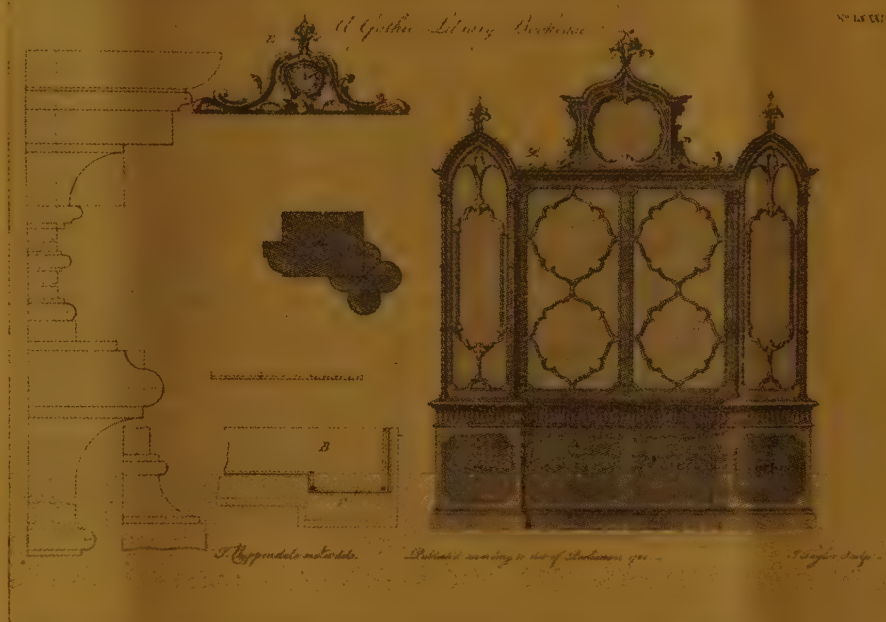
London cabinet-making in the eighteenth century, and Chippendale's neighbours included the important firms of Vile and Cobb and William Hallett. Chippendale leased two houses and behind them a large stable yard where he built his workshops.

The first essential was timber. We know from a sale of excess stock he held in 1766 that Chippendale kept a large and varied store including, as the advertisement of the sale tells us, 'fine Mahogany and other Woods, in Plank, Boards, Vanier and Wainscot'. The other woods would certainly have included pine-wood or deal for carved and gilt furniture, oak

for drawer linings and the best quality carcase work, and a selection of decorative woods such as satin-wood, rosewood, and ebony for inlay work. Since early in the century, between about 1715 and 1725, mahogany had gradually replaced walnut as the chief furniture wood and was to remain in favour throughout the century. 'Of all woods', wrote Sheraton, 'mahogany is the best suited to furniture where strength is demanded. It works up easily, has a beautiful figure and polishes so well that it is an asset to any room in which it may be placed'. Further advantages over walnut were its freedom from worm, the close and straight grain which made it ideal for both joinery and carving and the greater size of the planks, sometimes as large as fourteen feet long by four feet wide, a great asset to the craftsman making a table top or the door of a wardrobe. Mahogany was imported from the West Indies, the wood with the best colour and figure from Cuba, good wood from Jamaica, and a slightly softer and lighter coloured wood from Honduras.

We must now cross the yard to the first group of workshops, and here at once one sees that the most intense specialisation is the key to the organisation of eighteenth-century cabinet-making and, I think, to its outstanding achievements.

This specialisation did not simply mean that one man was a joiner and another a carver, but that one joiner would make nothing but frames for mirrors and pictures, while the carver who decorated these was different from the carver making chair splats or chair legs. Even the initial roughing-out of the carving, which was called 'boasting' and demanded a good sense of drawing, might completely occupy one man, the finishing being the job of a second carver. With Chippendale, a three-storeyed building houses the cabinet-makers' shops, with rooms for the joiners making the carcases of case furniture, another room for the chair-



Design for a 'Gothic' bookcase from Chippendale's *Director*, third edition, 1762. On the left are sectional drawings of mouldings, etc., and above is a design for a clock which could provide an alternative decoration

* See 'Thomas Chippendale's Workshops', by G. Bernard Hughes: *Country Life*, June 14, 1956

makers and the specialist chair carvers, and other shops for the carvers in soft-wood making frames and console tables in the most extravagant rococo and Chinese taste, to be finished by the gilder and japanner. Further down the yard, equipped with special stores, are the shops for the japanner and veneerer and, above, a room for storing carpets. Above the veneering room is part of the upholsterers' business, the feather room. As one contemporary writer reminds us:

Feathers make a considerable article in commerce . . . for plumes, ornaments of the head, and for beds. Geese are plucked in some parts of Great Britain five times a year, which in the cold season sometimes proves fatal for them. Those feathers which are brought from Somersetshire are esteemed the best, and those from Ireland the worst.

Of the craftsmen themselves we know very little. They served a long and strict apprenticeship, the unruly could be flogged or imprisoned in Bridewell, and the journeymen worked long hours, twelve or fourteen a day. It was discipline and intensely specialised craftsmanship—as many as six or eight men might work on one piece of furniture—that produced the high standards of work, not, one suspects, any sentimental devotion to handcraft. Their tools, some of which you can see in the Victoria and Albert Museum, were crude but strong, with almost as wide a variety as you would find in a carpenter's shop today. Sheraton, in his *Cabinet Dictionary*, lists seven different kinds of chisel among the necessary tools for a cabinet-maker. Woodworking machinery was not introduced until the last years of the century, when, strange to say, a planing machine and saw-mill were invented by a naval engineer for use in prisons.

Finally we come to the cabinet-makers themselves, men like Chippendale, Vile, and Cobb, who, despite their name, obviously were too busy supervising their businesses actually to make furniture. Doubtless many of them were originally trained craftsmen—Chippendale was the son of a country joiner—but once they had established a large firm their time was occupied with showing their customers round their showrooms, riding round the country to visit houses where their men were working, and seeing that their craftsmen were receiving and working from the latest designs. The eighteenth-century cabinet-maker was his own retailer and his showroom was an important part of his premises. Taste at that time was more intensely personal than now, and a wealthy client had his furniture made to suite his taste as we might go to our tailor for a suit.

Lord X would call on Mr. Chippendale for a set of chairs. They would examine those in stock, and perhaps Lord X would like a chair he saw but suggest a different pattern for the splat, or quibble at the price, or prefer some chair that had been made for Lady Y. Chippendale might show him some designs from his *Director*,



Secretary, mahogany with marquetry of various woods: signed by Samuel Bennett; early eighteenth century

which was, after all, a sumptuous trade catalogue, suggest a little less carving on the legs to cut the price, or perhaps sketch out an alternative design, similar to the admired chairs made for Lady Y, and after a long and enjoyable morning Lord X would return to the club to tell his friends about his new set of chairs. This was a major part of the cabinet-maker's job, whether dealing with his clients in his shop or in their own homes, and his advice was not limited to the style of a set of chairs but might cover the whole scheme of redecoration. On occasion he needed to be a man of tact as well as knowledge for, as Sheraton says, 'when any gentleman is so vain and ambitious as to order the furnishing of his house in a style superior to his fortune and rank, it will be prudent in our upholsterer, by some gentle hints, to direct his choice to a more moderate plan'.

There, then, is a general picture of the cabinet-making trade in the eighteenth century. There were exceptions to what I have been saying. I have described the largest and most fashionable firms; there were many others all over England who worked on a smaller scale, and there were several firms, especially chairmakers, who did not undertake decorating work and who specialised in a limited range of furniture. In the country and smaller

towns the local joiner was a jack-of-all-trades whose skill was sufficient to supply the needs of simple homes which were furnished in a very rough-and-ready style, where often the only real furniture was an out-of-date dresser discarded from the squire's mansion, and the commonest form of seating a hard stool. While the most fashionable bought their furniture in London, for others there were good cabinet-makers and upholsterers in the large provincial cities who, working from pattern-books like Chippendale's *Director* or Hepplewhite's *Guide*, contrived to keep up with the ever-changing fashions. London set the pace and undoubtedly was thought the Mecca of the trade, for you will often find provincial firms grandly advertising that they have recently engaged a new cabinet-maker or upholsterer, London trained.

I wish I could say more of the actual lives and personalities of these cabinet-makers and the craftsmen they employed, but little is known of them. Indeed, the humdrum routine of hard work, varied with an occasional outing, was the extent of their lives. Their furniture remains to speak for them and their skill, and, for myself, whenever I look at some piece of eighteenth-century furniture, with its glowing mahogany surface, 'a swete outlandish wood', as it was described by one of the first English writers to mention it, I like to try to recapture the scene of the workshop, to smell the joiners' glue and the polishers' oil, and to hear the hiss of the plane; for only when I appreciate how hard it was to do, do I feel I know how well it was done.

—Network Three



Commode, jappaned wood: probably made in Chippendale's workshop for Badminton House, Gloucestershire, about 1755

Photographs by courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum

The Unknown Debussy

By ROLLO MYERS

FORTY years ago last March, Claude Debussy died in Paris after a long and painful illness stoically endured. The Kaiser's war had still another eight months to run, and as Debussy lay dying the Germans were bombarding Paris. It took not only the world of music but the world at large some time to realise the loss it had suffered; but as the years went by Debussy's music began to be played more often, more and more books came to be written about him, and more and more musicians began to appreciate him at his true value. Soon it became evident that Debussy was indeed a key figure of profound importance in the history of music—of no less importance, indeed, than had been in their time such great innovators as, say, Monteverdi or Rameau, Berlioz or Wagner; and certainly on a par with the other great twentieth-century pioneers who were his contemporaries—Bartók, Schönberg, and Stravinsky.

The Overhanging Question-mark

He was only fifty-six when he died. What turn his music might have taken had he lived another ten or fifteen years is a fascinating subject for speculation, especially in the light of the last-period works which already seem to foreshadow new and interesting developments, and possibly a radical change of style: in the light, too, I would add, of what we know of his intentions with regard to other works—the settings of Edgar Allan Poe, for example, to which he gave much thought but which he never succeeded in committing to paper. The fact is that over everything connected with Debussy—his personality, his tastes, his human relationships, his attitude to life and art—there hangs a huge question-mark. Even to those who knew him best he was always something of an enigma; it is therefore not surprising that to his biographers he has presented a problem which has perhaps never yet been satisfactorily solved. Yet there have been many attempts, especially in recent years. Ever since the original publication, some thirty years ago, of Léon Vallas' exhaustive life which is still, especially from a documentary point of view, a most valuable source of information, there has been a succession of biographical studies, French, English, American, German, and many others, each contributing perhaps one or two new facts or points of view, but for the most part covering more or less the same ground.

Among the best of these I would recommend an interesting study of the composer by Vladimir Jankélévitch, in the series *Etre et Penser* published in Switzerland, under the title *Debussy et le Mystère*. This is a subtle and penetrating study not only of the style but of the whole ethos of the composer, with many musical illustrations. Emile Vuillermoz, the well-known Parisian critic, who knew Debussy, has also brought out recently a critical study, a feature of which is the inclusion of coloured reproductions of famous Impressionist pictures. This, too, is published in Switzerland. Then in 1949 Léon Vallas published another short book on Debussy in which he analyses the piano, vocal, and orchestral works individually, and attempts to define the essence of Debussy's style. This is not to be confused with the big *Life and Works* (Claude Debussy *et son Temps*) of which a new revised and corrected edition has just been issued which will be welcomed by all students of Debussy and his period.

But I would like to devote the rest of this talk to the fresh material that has recently come to light in the form of hitherto unpublished correspondence. I would mention here especially the letters written to André Caplet for their specifically musical interest, and those written to his second wife, Emma Bardac, which reveal Debussy in the somewhat unfamiliar yet authentic role (at least so far as his later years are concerned) of family man—an almost painfully devoted husband and adoring father. Up to now Debussy as a letter-writer—and he was a fairly voluminous one—had been revealed to us mainly through his

correspondence with Pierre Vasnier (his mentor during his student days); Ernest Chausson and Eugene Ysaÿe (two of his rare musician friends); Pierre Louÿs, the dilettante man of letters; the critics Robert Godet and Jean-Aubry; Paul-Jean Toulet the novelist; Gabriel D'Annunzio; his publisher Jacques Durand; and, finally, André Messager who played so important a part in the production of 'Pelléas' at the Opéra-Comique in 1902.

André Caplet, the recipient of the letters recently published under the auspices of *Le Domaine Musical*, was himself a gifted composer and conductor, something of a mystic (Roland-Manuel called him *chasseur d'images*), and a fervent admirer of Debussy who, in turn, looked upon him as the finest and most faithful interpreter of his works, even going so far as to entrust him with the orchestration of parts, at least, of 'St. Sebastian'. Caplet also had a hand in the orchestration of 'Gigues' (one of the orchestral 'Images'), and completed that of the children's ballet 'La Boîte à Joujoux'. Musically, he was perhaps in closer sympathy with Debussy than any other of his contemporaries; in any case he was almost the only interpreter of his works in whom Debussy had complete confidence. 'You know', he wrote to Henry Russell, the impresario who arranged for Caplet's appointment to the Boston Opera where he was to conduct 'Pelléas', 'how he has all the gifts of a born conductor, and how marvellously he understands that complex and difficult art. Moreover he has a great love for "Pelléas".'

Debussy met Caplet for the first time in 1907 and started to correspond with him the following year. The correspondence is unfortunately one-sided—only the letters from Debussy have survived—and it ceased in 1914 when Caplet went to the front. During that time the two men were in constant collaboration, especially over the production of 'St. Sebastian' for which, at D'Annunzio's request, Debussy wrote the incidental music; and it was Caplet who conducted the first Paris performances. The mixed reception the work met with at the time is common knowledge; the public's indifference and the opposition of the Church prevented it from having more than a *succès d'estime*, in spite of the extraordinary music.

Obsession with Edgar Allan Poe

But what is interesting about this period is that, in spite of the stress and strain of having to produce this remarkable score for D'Annunzio in a very short time—under three months, and Debussy was never a quick worker—these letters to Caplet show that even then, and indeed throughout the period covered by the letters, the composer was mainly preoccupied—obsessed would hardly be too strong a word—with the music he was trying to write for the two tales by Edgar Allan Poe which had fired his imagination: *The Devil in the Belfry* and *The Fall of the House of Usher*. One thing is clear, and that is that the music he was planning to fit these texts would have borne little resemblance to that of 'Pelléas'. Debussy was clearly seeking a new technique, a new aesthetic: he saw that it was impossible to pursue that of 'Pelléas' any further, and that he would have to find a new language to fit and express an entirely new psychological climate. For that was what the jump from the unsubstantial symbolism of Maeterlinck to the positive 'diabolism' of Poe would imply. But he was finding the transition difficult, and there is a passage in one of the letters to Caplet where he tries to explain where the difficulty lay. He writes:

I can't see my way to finishing the two little dramas of E. A. Poe. What I've written seems to me completely boring [*ennuyeux comme une cave* is the almost untranslatable expression he uses—but note the suggestion of emptiness]. For every free bar [he means, I think, free in the sense of 'emancipated'] there are twenty stifled under the weight of one tradition, and one tradition only, which in spite of all my efforts I can see is having a hypo-

critical and debasing influence. You understand, of course, that the fact that this tradition is entirely my own makes no difference; it is just as discouraging, because it means seeing oneself under different disguises.

So we find him at this stage in his career faced with the necessity of making a readjustment, a revaluation of his technical and creative resources in his search for a solution to the problem, no less psychological than technical, of finding a musical equivalent to match the macabre fantasies proceeding from the brain of Edgar Allan Poe. He had been through the same thing before with 'Pelléas', with which he had lived for eight years, writing and re-writing until he found the final, perfect fusion of musical and literary content. As proof that he was always rigorously self-critical one need only recall his refusal, while still a young man, to complete the score of the opera 'Rodrigue et Chimène' because he felt the music he was writing and which the libretto of Catulle Mendès seemed to demand, was a violation of his own principles. His withdrawal of the early 'Fantasy' for piano sprang from scruples of the same order.

If, then, he was going to find the right music for Poe he would have, first of all, to steep himself in his subject. That, to judge from this quotation from a letter to Caplet, dated 1909, is precisely what he was doing—evidently at some cost to his nervous system for, as he puts it:

I have now been living for some time in the 'House of Usher', which is not exactly a house for a rest-cure—quite the contrary. You develop a strange sort of mania there—listening to the bricks talking and expecting houses to fall down as if that were an everyday and even inevitable occurrence.

As regards the libretto for this work, it seems clear that Debussy intended to make his own and had actually sketched out a scenario. His aim was to realise *la progression dans l'angoisse*, and if ever he had been able to put on paper more than a few fragments of the music he was planning for this terrifying and mysterious tragedy the result might well have been another masterpiece. But his inhibitions proved too strong, and when Gatti-Casazza, the manager of the New York Metropolitan, wanted to pay him a nominal sum for production rights, Debussy protested that not one note had yet been written and probably never would be: 'Don't forget I'm a lazy composer, and often take weeks to decide on one chord in preference to another'.

He was suffering, in fact, from what he called *le délicieux mal de choisir entre toutes*, and, although possessed with a desire to come to grips with Poe, he never could bring himself to make the choice. In other words, he could not decide which weapons in his armoury to use so as to free himself from his obsession with Poe and his stories. But in this Debussy was only one among many, for the influence of Poe on contemporary French art and literature was a phenomenon which has to be taken into account in any survey of that *fin de siècle* period. He probably read him in Baudelaire's translation, and we know that Baudelaire was his favourite poet. Does all this suggest that Debussy was gradually being drawn into the orbit of the *poètes maudits*? He was, of course, extraordinarily sensitive to all sorts of literary currents and aesthetic fashions. Wagner, the Pre-Raphaelites, the Symbolists, Shakespeare (did he not toy with a 'King Lear' and an 'As You Like It?'), religious mysticism (as in 'St. Sebastian')—he had drunk at every source, and towards the end of his life he was to turn again to a calmer classicism, an austerity, even, of language and style which foreshadowed what was later to be dubbed 'neo-classicism', although his later works are far richer in substance than almost any neo-classic work of the nineteenth-twenties or 'thirties.

But, apart from Poe, there were other projects which never materialised; we might even have had a 'Tristan' from Debussy's pen, for one of the works actually applied for by the Metropolitan was an opera to be based on *La Légende de Tristan* by the medieval scholar Joseph Bédier. There was also talk of an opera on the legend of Orpheus which Debussy contemplated writing on a libretto by his friend Victor Segalen, the archaeologist and explorer, who in 1906 had asked him to write music for his Hindu drama, 'Siddhartha'. The Orpheus suggestion came from Debussy himself who wrote to the author: 'Even if we break our bones over it, the thing is worth trying'. But, once again, nothing came of it.

To complete this gallery of might-have-beens, I must say something about the 'As You Like It' Debussy had been planning for many years to write on a libretto by his friend Paul-Jean

Toulet, that brilliant novelist and fantasist from the Basque country. The idea that they should collaborate in an operatic version of what Debussy referred to as 'this human little fairy play', was first mooted soon after 'Pelléas' had had its first performance in 1902; and in several of his letters to Toulet various details are discussed. For example, Debussy suggested that a chorus singing in the wings during Orlando's wrestling match might 'add to the interest', as he puts it, of this scene. There could also be *chansons dansées*. 'The Duke', he says, 'would be rich enough to invite the singers from St. Gervais and their conductor to come to the Forest of Arden'. In another letter he remarks that the 'vocal element' could be very important: 'I don't intend to miss any of the songs that abound in the text...'. This is especially interesting in the light of a remark he made to Pasteur Vallery-Radot three years before his death: 'I have still so much to say. There are so many things in music that have never been done yet—for example, I don't think the human voice has up to now been fully exploited'. But this project, like the others, never came to anything,

although the year before he died Debussy was actually negotiating with Gémier, the actor-manager, about a possible production of 'As You Like It' at the Odéon. There is nothing to show, however, that he had ever composed a note of the music.

He did actually write a few scenes for a 'King Lear' in the form of incidental music of which a *Berceuse* and a *Fanfare* have survived and even been performed.

Here we must leave this rather melancholy review of the still-born products of his imagination to glance for a moment at that other collection of letters I referred to—the letters to his second wife. Their publication is due to the initiative of Monsieur Pasteur Vallery-Radot who is today the only surviving member of the little band of friends who were closest to the composer, and it has the approval of Debussy's only surviving relative, his step-daughter Mme Gaston de Tinan. The majority of these letters are of an intimate nature, and the reason for their publication is to correct the impression put about in certain circles that Debussy was a heartless philanderer, incapable of real affection. One has only to read these letters to be quickly convinced of the contrary. If they tell us nothing new about the artist, they definitely add to our knowledge of the man. In fact, the letters are surprisingly banal and conventional, and might have been written by any man madly in love with his wife.

The more one studies this enigmatic figure, the more difficult it becomes to see him as a whole. Like the moon, he presents one face to the world which is already none too clear; but another, still more mysterious, is likely to be hidden from us for ever.

—Third Programme



Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

NEWS DIARY

April 30-May 6

Wednesday, April 30

The Minister of Labour declines to intervene in London bus dispute in favour of proposal put forward by T.G.W.U.

Governor of Malta proclaims a state of emergency

Besieged fort in Aden Protectorate relieved by British troops and local levies

Thursday, May 1

Chairman of London Transport renews offer to implement Industrial Court's pay award to London busmen

Amalgamated Engineering Union decides to press immediately for a 'substantial' wage increase

Fourteen people arrested in London borough of St. Pancras after incidents at May Day meetings

Friday, May 2

Resolution passed at massed meeting of London busmen supporting union leaders' decision to strike

In Security Council Russia vetoes American proposal for system of inspection in the Arctic

Governor of Aden declares a state of emergency

Saturday, May 3

Sir John Elliot, Chairman of London Transport Executive, asks busmen to 'think again' about their decision to strike

United States proposes an international conference on the future of Antarctica

Western Powers agree to their Ambassadors having separate meetings with Russian Foreign Minister

Sunday, May 4

Chairman of London Transport Executive says that if bus strike takes place the Executive cannot be bound by the recent arbitration award

Governor of Cyprus reimposes death sentence as only penalty for carrying arms after two British Servicemen are shot dead in Famagusta

Monday, May 5

London bus strike starts

Nato Foreign Ministers meet in Copenhagen

Western Ambassadors in Moscow have separate meetings with Mr. Gromyko

Death of Lord Ruffside, formerly Colonel Clifton Brown, Speaker of the House of Commons for over eight years

Tuesday, May 6

Chairman of British Transport Commission meets railway union leaders on financing of modernisation programme

Governor of Cyprus arrives in London for consultations with the Government

Gang steals £43,000 after collecting the money from a bank in London



Crowds walking to work across London Bridge last Monday, the first day of the London bus strike



The 'Dragon of Wales' leading the procession in Cardiff last Saturday that marked the opening of the first Festival of Wales. Watching the display from the stand outside the City Hall are the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester. The central event of the festival will be the sixth British Empire and Commonwealth Games in July



Infantry units of the para



The F.A. Cup Final: the captain, N. Lofthouse, being receiving the Cup from the Saturday. They beat Ma



Army marching through Red Square in the May Day parade last week. Watching the Soviet leaders was President Nasser, who is on a State visit to Russia



A steel band, mounted on a float, passing Princess Margaret during an 'Industrial and Urban' display which she watched in Georgetown, British Guiana, on May 1. After a four-day visit to British Honduras Her Royal Highness returned to England yesterday



Wanderers team, led by their captain, being congratulated by the crowd after their victory over Edinburgh at Wembley last week. The Wanderers were United by two goals to nil



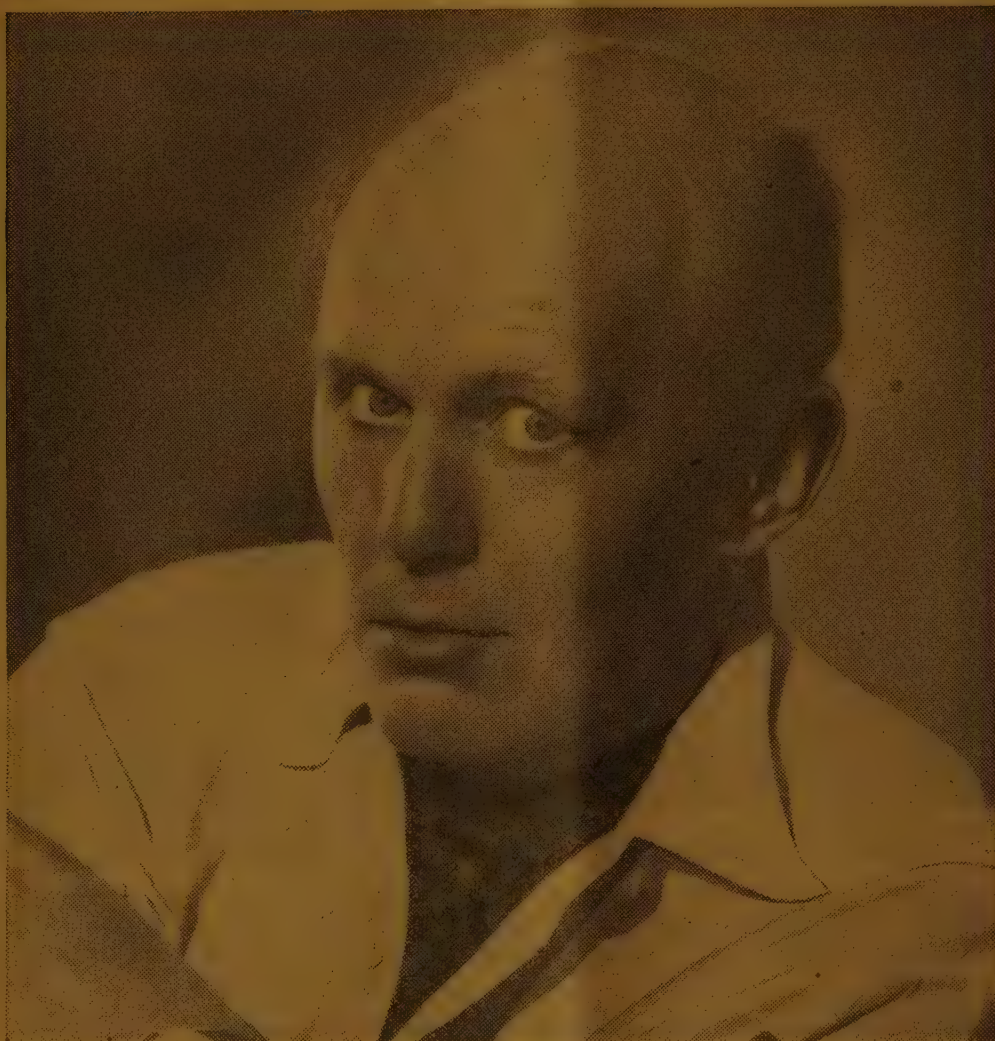
A three-week-old baby hippopotamus photographed with its mother when it made its first public appearance at Berlin Zoo recently

Left: Londoners picnicking in St. James's Park last weekend when southern England enjoyed a spell of hot, sunny weather

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Party Political Broadcasts

Portrait of a City

GEORGE DARLING, M.P., on behalf of the Labour Party interviews citizens and members of the City Council in Sheffield

GEOGE DARLING: Let's listen for a moment to some Sheffield people telling me about the problems that worry them.

First Housewife: When am I going to get a council house? I've been waiting for five years for one.

Second Housewife: I haven't a housing problem but I am worried about the eleven-plus exam.

Third Housewife: I had a boy who was top of his class—top of his school—but he didn't get a place in the Grammar School.

Old Man: I don't deny that housing and education are important, but I think it's the old folk who ought to come first.

Old Woman: Yes, especially when they live alone as I do. There aren't enough old people's flats.

Darling: Yes, these are the problems people are worried about—housing, schools, health, and the care of old people and many more—problems that every community has to deal with. And we're going to tell you how a progressive council deals with them. We present 'A Portrait of a City'—the City of Sheffield.

Sheffield is a rapidly changing city. It grew up round the giant steelworks and engineering works, and the little hand trades where scores of small factories make cutlery, tools, and saws and files. Most people still live in rows and rows of little terraced houses, in ugly and dreary and depressing streets.

About fifty years ago a small band of far-seeing workmen in the Labour Party decided to rebuild Sheffield into a pleasant, well-planned city, and in 1926 they, with a growing band of colleagues and supporters, were able to make a start. They got control of the city council and apart from a few months' break in 1931 they and their followers have been in control ever since.

Business Man: And what have they done? Put the rates up, I suppose.

Darling: We're going to tell you what they've done, and what their successors are doing. Let's start with housing. Sheffield, of course, is typical of many industrial cities: it's got thousands of old houses, many slums and a lot of overcrowding. In a city of 500,000 people the Council has built about 50,000 houses and flats, and but for the war there would have been a good home for every family, because the Council's plans were well advanced before 1939. They had bought the land, prepared the roads and sewers and drains, and those early preparations are now paying dividends.

You see, the Council doesn't have to pay inflated prices for land; it owns more than a third of the land in the city, and it goes in for big schemes with its own Public Works Department. By direct labour it builds almost all of its houses, and this keeps the costs down, of course, and Sheffield's house rents are among the lowest in the country.

Housewife: I know the Council has done a good job on housing, the Council estates are first rate, with parks, schools, and shopping centres and everything, and good transport, too. But, how long is it going to take to get rid of slums and overcrowding?

Darling: About fifteen years at the present rate of building, though with a change of Government to improve the financing of housing it could be speeded up.

Housewife: Well, can't something be done in the meantime to improve the older terraced houses?

Darling: A lot is being done. Owners who want to modernise their houses, you know—put in bathrooms, water heating, and so on—can get up to half the cost paid for them, and hundreds of houses are being dealt with. The Council also helps tenants to buy houses; the Council assesses a fair price and, if it's accepted by the landlord, lends the tenant the money at a reasonable rate of interest. All this is part of the city's public service, but the biggest schemes, at the moment, are in slum clearance—imaginative, really wonderful schemes.

You see, until recently all the new house building was on the city's outskirts. Now they've had to come back into the centre where the slums are being cleared and flats are going up. The most striking and spectacular of these schemes is on a hillside overlooking the city centre. Here hundreds of terraced flats are being built, going back into the hillside. The blocks that rise from the bottom of the hill will have thirteen storeys and those at the top of the hill four storeys, all with lifts and central heating, and balconies facing south into the sun. And the streets between the blocks, reached by lifts, and, of course, without traffic, will make this scheme a quiet, self-contained community, with its own shops and schools, and other amenities.

Housewife: It sounds grand, but what's it going to cost? You know we can't afford high rents.

Darling: Well let's ask the Vice-Chairman of the Housing Committee that question, Councillor Harold Lambert.

Councillor Lambert: We've done a lot to economise. For instance, bathrooms, toilets, and such like are sited internally which means that there's quite a lot of repetitive work which has been economical as far as the cost is concerned. I would say the cost is breaking down to a £2,000 gross cost per dwelling, and if we consider that there's the high flat subsidy to be taken into consideration we do believe, according to our assessments, that the net rent will work out about £1 per week net.

Darling: Did you get that? A modern flat for about £1 a week, if building costs don't go up a lot in the next two or three years. The cost is low because the land has been paid for and the Council's Building Department is doing the building. Other councils could have done the

same if they'd been under Labour rule for over thirty years. Still, it's never too late to start on the right road.

Now, Councillor Lambert, what about the children in these flats?

Lambert: We are providing for each dwelling a large sheltered balcony. It faces south, it attracts the sun, as far as we've been able to design, to get the best advantage of what sunshine we get. And the smaller children can play in this open space and they'll be under the eye of the mother. On these miniature streets, which are free from vehicular traffic, the children a little older will be able to play in comparative safety on their own doorstep. As far as older children are concerned we have designed novel playground equipment on ground level and there will be several playgrounds with this equipment provided for children of varying ages; the type of equipment we have in mind is not only entertaining, it is of an educational value for the kiddies, too.

Darling: And I suppose the houses will be centrally heated—and the flats?

Lambert: Yes, by hot water radiation through oil-fired boilers. I think it is important. Refuse disposal—we're dealing with this in another way than normal in Sheffield, by using an automatic water-borne system which is economical on a large scheme like this.

Darling: Well, with flats to let at a little more than £1 a week with all amenities laid on, this housing development is something a city can be proud of. But this, of course, is only one scheme. I wish I had time to describe the others. One of them is going to bring to life one of the dreams of the pioneers. They're clearing a horrid slum and in its place a pleasantly wooded valley will be restored, near the city centre, with a mixture of flats and maisonettes and houses on a carpet of green lawns.

Now let's look at the schools. The city has got a fine record in education. Nearly fifty new schools have been built since Labour took control, because the Labour Party believes that every child should have a chance to develop his or her talents without any obstacles. Much has been done and a lot still needs to be done, so I'm going to ask the Vice-Chairman of the Education Committee, Councillor Alfred Green, about the Council's plans.

Councillor Green: Our immediate plans are ten new schools, six of them already under construction. These together will give a further 6,150 places, and that will make the reorganisation complete. If it had not been for the Florence Horsbrugh delay in the building programme we could have expected to complete reorganisation by 1960. Other projects are a new school for spastic children, further school for physically handicapped children, and an extension we're making in the college of art. There's also a host of minor projects, like new dining halls, libraries, gymnasias, that the Ministry just won't let us get on with.

Darling: So we want a change of Government in order that you can achieve the educational policy that you've set out for?

Green: That's what we need.

Darling: Now, could I ask you about the eleven-plus exam. You know that this selection of children, or very often the rejection of children, for higher education at eleven years of age worries thousands of parents. Now, what are you doing about it?

Green: We regard it as tragic that the eleven-plus ever took the hold it did in education. Here we're trying to tackle it in a number of ways. We recognise that it links up with the method of separating children into groups—grammar and the rest of it—and we're trying to break down that separation. This year into the secondary modern schools we're introducing courses which will lead to external exams, including the General Certificate of Education at ordinary level, and then we'll give the possibility for children to transfer to higher education.

Darling: So that it will be possible, will it, for a child that goes to a secondary school to go on to the university?

Green: We hope that will happen a good deal. And the other thing is that we're considering the comprehensive school.

Darling: Now, you mentioned technical education: what is it that a City Council can do in this field?

Green: A great deal. It can work alongside industry; it can provide facilities for technical education. For instance, when the new College of Commerce and Technology is completed there will be something like 2,500 day places in that college. In the district college, for the younger folk, there will be about 5,000 places for day release students.

Darling: These will be youngsters who are at work coming to the two colleges, for what? One day, two days a week?

Green: For the most part; there will be some full-time students in the senior college, but the junior will be completely day release.

Darling: You mentioned special schools for the mentally backward, for the deaf and the dumb and the blind and the crippled children. What have you done in this field?

Green: We have seven schools for backward children; one school for the blind, one for the deaf, three for delicate children, two for physically handicapped children, and a class for the partially sighted children. The Maud Maxfield School for the Deaf, with eighty day pupils and forty boarders, is recognised as being one of the finest schools of this type in the country.

Darling: Progressive policies, of course, bring their own rewards in contentment and happiness, and they're financially rewarding, too. Look at the record in public health. Sheffield is a healthy city in spite of its dirty industries, which means that people work harder and probably earn more money and produce more than in many other comparable industrial areas. But the real gains are in human well-being. The city has a fine health record, one of the best in the country, and about the lowest infant death rate and no mother has died in childbirth for some years. So, I'm going to ask the Chairman of the Public Health Committee, Alderman William Yorke, about the city's personal services.

Alderman Yorke: We were the first authority in the county to take advantage of the Blind Per-

sons Act of 1920, and take over the care of all the blind in the city of Sheffield. We have regarded this as a pattern, and have now integrated the whole of the welfare services for handicapped and disabled persons. The blind, the deaf, the dumb, the people suffering from mental disablement, and others—we have provided workshops, occupational centres and training for all of them, each with specialised officers to give them appropriate training and treatment.

Darling: Now, can I turn to another side of public health: the question of air pollution? What are you doing to get rid of smoke in Sheffield?

Yorke: In spite of our industries our air pollution is considerably less than many of the industrial areas in the country. We have now taken all effective steps to bring the whole of the city under control under the provisions of the Clean Air Act. The first section of this will come into operation this year.

Darling: That's not the whole story of this city's care for its people. There are special schools for the mentally backward, for the deaf and the dumb and the blind, and crippled children; and Sheffield pioneered, years before the war, free meals and milk in schools. It took the blind beggars off the streets and taught them useful trades a quarter of a century ago, and hundreds of other handicapped people have been trained and put into useful jobs. And not only are there health visitors and home visitors for old people—the Council does much more for the old people, including the building of small houses and flats specially subsidised, so that their weekly rents are limited to 10s. and many are less than that.

Some of the old people, of course, have to be looked after in other ways. But let Alderman Mrs. Tebbutt tell you what they do.

Alderman Mrs. Tebbutt: There does come a time when it's necessary for old people to have individual care and attention daily that cannot be given by outside services, so that we have instituted small homes where the old people still keep their own personality rather than become a number, as in the days of the past of a large institution. We feel that for the first time—and for the first time in my life I can really say that because of the progress that has been made—old people have lost the fear of the old work-house.

Darling: What do you do about the children that need the help of the local authority, Mrs. Tebbutt?

Tebbutt: As a local authority, we do endeavour to see that every help is given to the parents to see whether it is possible for them to reconcile their difficulties in order that we shall not break up homes. But when that is not possible the children have to come into care.

Darling: We've heard of the achievements that the City Council has accomplished and the work that the City Council is doing in education and housing and public health, and so on, and we've been told about the expenditure on these things which runs into millions and millions of pounds. So now we must ask the question: how are these great activities financed? And that's the question to put to the local Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Chairman of the Council Finance Committee, Alderman Lewis. Now, Alderman Lewis, how do you raise the money for all this work?

Alderman Lewis: From the rates and by borrowing from government grants, and in some cases from payments for services rendered by the authority.

Darling: Well, how have you managed to expand Sheffield's public services and yet meet the rising costs of wages and fuel and materials, and so on, and still reduce the rates by a shilling in the pound? That's something of an achievement, isn't it?

Lewis: In various ways. Careful attention to our borrowing policy: over the last few years this has cushioned the impact of high interest rates—our Internal Loans Fund is charging the committees who borrow less than one per cent. more than in 1954. The use of modern methods in the City Treasurer's Department: we were the first local authority to use electronics. This has resulted in a substantial administrative saving—more than £50,000 a year.

Darling: What else have you done to save money?

Lewis: Having our own Public Works Department. Speeding up of redevelopment and making the most effective use of land. For example, multi-storeyed flat development has increased and will continue to increase our rateable resources. Use of modern machinery in our road-works. The conversion, over the last few years, of street lighting from gas to sodium—this has reduced maintenance costs considerably.

Darling: So you can see that wise and imaginative administration, which is what you get from a Labour Council, cuts the costs, makes savings, allows expansion to go on, and can lead to a reduction in the rates.

Well, that's a portrait of Sheffield. You've heard something about a progressive, efficient, well-run local authority. Not the whole story—we've not said anything about the city's excellent transport service of buses and trams, or the municipal printing plant which saves the Council thousands of pounds a year. Or about such technical innovations as the use of old slag heaps which disfigure part of the city and are now being cleared for roadmaking. And we haven't said anything about the municipal abattoir, which guarantees that all the meat sold in the shops is pure and wholesome, and makes a profit.

Of course, not everybody is satisfied. The work isn't finished yet. The people who are overcrowded or still living in slums grumble and protest and demand even greater progress. And the mothers who worry about the eleven-plus exam are by no means satisfied. But they know who to look to for the new deal they want, they know who to vote for, because, they can see what Labour rule means.

You see, most of the Council's Labour members are working men and housewives in touch with their neighbours who are their constituents. There are one or two employers among them and a parson and a parson's wife, a lawyer and a lecturer, and shopkeepers—a truly representative group, as in all Labour Party groups. It's the same all over the country.

And in the local elections that are being held all over the country during the next few days* you'll have your opportunity to play your part in this constructive work—to see that your council has the right people on it to look after the real interests of you and your neighbours. So do take the trouble to vote—and vote for the Labour candidates.

The Importance of Local Elections

By the Rt. Hon. JOHN MACLAY, C.M.G., M.P., Secretary of State for Scotland,
on behalf of the Conservative and Unionist Party

THE whole idea of democratic government in this country is that the people who run our affairs, whether in Parliament at Westminster or in our local parliaments, which is just what councils are, should be chosen by you and me, partly for their merits as people and partly for the policies and principles of government which the candidates pledge themselves to support.

Tomorrow*, every tenant and owner-occupier who lives in a burgh in Scotland will have the opportunity to help by their vote to choose the people who will represent them in their local council. And between tomorrow and tomorrow week elections will be going on in Scotland for County and District Councils and in England and Wales for Borough and District Councils. So, if you have your own views on how you think things ought to be run and the kind of people who ought to run them, do turn out—it is really a duty—and vote for the local candidate who most nearly represents what you think right for yourself, right for your neighbours, and right for the whole country.

There is, you know, an important link between local and national elections. Each in its different way gives people the chance to decide what kind of country we are going to live in. The socialists—and do keep in mind that every member of the Labour Party is committed to socialism up to the hilt, socialism in national affairs and socialism in local affairs—they still want to impose on all of us their old ideas of nationalisation, controls and central planning; and what I find most difficult of all to understand, and forgive, is that they seem to be determined to level down rather than to give the whole lot of us the chance to use our own energies and abilities as each of us thinks best in our own interests, in the interests of our families, and therefore in the interests of the country as a whole. The socialists haven't changed, you know, since they were in power. They say all the old things they used to say and they'll do them again if they get the chance.

Those of us who are not socialists and who do not want these things, because we are convinced they would be disastrous for our country, must make it absolutely clear that we do not want them and the most effective way of doing just that is to use our votes in these local elections as well as in national elections for the candidates who are strongly and clearly against socialism.

I myself sit in Parliament as a Liberal Unionist, pledged to further to the best of my ability the political views of those Liberals and Unionists—the Scottish name for Conservatives—whose votes in my constituency sent me to Westminster. Conservatives and Liberals can work together most effectively for the kind of Britain we all want to live in today and in the years to come. And the proof of it is there in what Britain has been able to do since 1951.

I simply have no patience with the kind of

people in this or in any other country who talk gloom, gloom, gloom about Britain. In six years of office we have had less unemployment than in the six years of socialism and in both periods unemployment figures have been very small. In recent months there have been signs that the post-war boom all over the world has been at least temporarily checked, and in this of all countries, dependent as we are on foreign markets for selling the goods we've got to sell in order to buy the food and raw materials we've got to have, we can't escape some of the consequences of what is going on abroad.

But it is a tremendous tribute to the strength and ingenuity of British industry—management and workers alike—and British commerce that in a difficult time abroad our exports have so far continued at a very high level and the unemployment rate is lower than in almost any other country in the free Western world. In America, nearly eight per cent. of all workers are unemployed. The figure in Canada recently was nearly nine per cent. Nearer home, in Belgium, it is nine per cent., and in Western Germany over seven per cent. Here in Great Britain the overall figure is two per cent.: not quite so good as it was a few months ago, but still a remarkable comparison with all these other countries.

And this is not just chance. Ever since we won the 1951 election the Government has been doing its utmost to create the conditions in which people can get on with their jobs to the best of their very great ability, and the results are there. Take just one example: in March, over 100,000 cars were produced in a month for the first time in the industry's history. In the first three months of this year we managed to export three motor-cars for every two a year ago: and other exports, too, are standing up well in a time of acute competition overseas.

But don't think for one moment that the Government are in any way complacent about the employment situation. We are not. We know that in Scotland and in Wales things are not so good as in England, and that in England, too, there are places with relatively high unemployment. That's why we've just introduced a new Bill in Parliament which will allow the Chancellor of the Exchequer to make grants and loans available for any sound enterprise likely to provide new employment in that kind of place. I can assure you all in Scotland that, along with the President of the Board of Trade and the Minister of Labour, I am watching continuously for every possible method of encouraging new industry to go to places where it is badly needed. Northern Ireland, too, has its problems and they're being tackled with vigour.

In the recent Budget, the Chancellor of the Exchequer increased the initial allowances for capital investment. That may sound a bit technical, but it, too, is immensely important for the future of employment in a country such as ours, and that was only one item in what has been generally spoken of as a wise and sound Budget.

As a Government we are not going to take risks with the value of the pound, and with the whole stability of the country, just to attract votes. Last September we took stern measures and they are proving right. Our gold and dollar reserves have shot up since then and for the last five months prices have been steady.

I would remind you, too, because it is easy to forget, that even in this Budget, which had to be a careful one, the Chancellor has been able to reduce taxes for the seventh time since 1951. This time there were cuts in purchase tax and therefore in the price of a lot of goods. There were cuts in entertainment tax, in stamp duty on house purchase, and there was help for old people on small fixed incomes. It is not easy to realise, but if taxes were still at the rates the socialists left them in 1951, we would be paying something like £900,000,000 more a year in tax, and that would have worked out at an average of £1 extra tax every week for every family.

This Budget has been one of a series designed to make it possible for Britain to expand as quickly as conditions will allow, and I am going to say more later about what our country has been achieving in these years with a Conservative Government which believes in freedom for enterprise and in letting people get on with their jobs. But for a few minutes now I want to talk about matters very directly involved in local government.

Local authorities have a big range of responsibilities but none is more important than housing and education. We are very proud of our housing record, this Government: over 6,000,000 people rehoused since 1951; over 4,000,000 of them in council dwellings—1,000,000 more than in the six socialist years. In Scotland, we have rehoused more than two people for every one that the socialists did in 1945-51. I know that in the immediate post-war years there were difficult problems to overcome, but in 1951, six years after the end of the war, the socialists didn't even build 200,000. They said that our figure of 300,000 a year was impossible. As in so many other things, they were wildly wrong. We beat it easily.

They also said that if more houses were built than they were building it could only be at the expense of other things, such as education. That, too, was nonsense. The figures speak for themselves. In Scotland, for example, we have provided 200,000 school places, compared with only 92,000 under the socialists, and we are getting on now with a big programme of new technical colleges—immensely important if we are to hold our place in the highly technical world we live in. And that goes for the whole country.

I have been saying 'we' and 'they', meaning governments, but of course, it is not governments who build houses: it is employers and employees who get the job done, and the big difference between this Conservative and Unionist Government and the socialist one is that we believe that the way to get things done is for

a word in your



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government to interfere as little as possible. The socialists want to interfere the whole time.

But perhaps one of the most immediate local government housing problems is this question of what is a fair rent: fair for those who live in council houses, fair too for those who don't, for they also are heavily involved. Every taxpayer and every ratepayer—and that is the lot of us—no matter what kind of house we live in, pay a considerable part of council tenants' rents. This system goes back to the days when council houses were only given to people with the lowest incomes in the community. That's all changed now. As everybody knows, there are many people with sizeable incomes living in council houses today. A great majority of them, I believe, are willing to pay a fair and reasonable rent, and surely they should. If you live in a council house, that is one thing; if you don't, you pay in rates and taxes for a good chunk of council tenants' rents. At present, taxpayers are paying no less than £73,000,000 a year in subsidising council rents, and you've got to add the rate subsidy you are paying on top of that.

Of course, we are not opposed to subsidies for council rates—far from it—but we do firmly believe that the subsidies should not be given away regardless. On the contrary, they should be given to those who obviously need them: people who are less well off, widows, elderly, sick, and so on. Why should private tenants paying fair rents pay subsidies to others in

council houses—often better off than themselves—in some parts of the country paying almost ludicrously low rents? It doesn't make sense of any kind, nor is it just. The Minister of Housing and I have urged local authorities to pool the different subsidies they are receiving for houses built over the years, to charge reasonable rents to those who can well afford to pay, and to introduce rent rebate schemes so that the benefit of the subsidies can be directed to those who need them. That must surely be the fair thing to do for tenant, ratepayer, and taxpayer alike.

But of course the socialists don't want to discuss rents of council houses at the moment; they are much more keen on the Rent Act as a subject. They have the chance of making political capital out of something that in their heart of hearts they know had to be done. If houses are to be kept in anything like a decent state of repair, some increases in rent were unavoidable, otherwise many perfectly good houses would rot into slums. The great majority of private tenants have seen how right this is, and they've accepted the rent increases in houses remaining under control with real understanding.

But there is also the problem of under-occupation—people going on living in houses too big for them because the rent has been artificially low. And there are people who want to find another house, possibly nearer where they work, but can't because of the general freeze-up. That is why we did not shrink from a limited measure

of decontrol. Decontrol will help to provide more accommodation to let, perhaps for young married people now occupying furnished rooms or living with relations, and more accommodation for those going to jobs in a new area.

In spite of all the political capital the socialists are trying to make out of it, I believe the wisdom of the Rent Act, before long, will be recognised by everyone. And, as you know, we have introduced a Bill which will enable the courts to postpone the time when a landlord can take over the house, provided the tenant can genuinely show greater hardship.

But, going back to where I started: in local elections in the next week or so just as in national elections, do use your vote, and do ask yourself 'What kind of government do I want throughout the country, in national and in local affairs?' Socialism? Or is it the kind of government that has made it possible for Britain in recent years to lead the world in the peaceful use of nuclear energy, to become the largest exporter of heavy electrical equipment, to produce the second largest electronics industry, to equip one-third of the world's ocean-going tonnage with British radar, and every one of the turbine-powered airliners at present in service in the Western world is British. Into the bargain we've doubled our exports since pre-war. That is the kind of nation Britain is today. Let's have the kind of government in local as well as in national affairs that will keep it that way.

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Coventry: Test-case of Planning

Sir,—Mr. Hugh Plommer's letter in THE LISTENER of April 24 seems to be based on several mistaken assumptions. Many of his points may be simply answered. For instance, deliveries are made to shops round a pedestrian precinct by means of a service road at the rear, during working hours and without inconvenience to customers. Also, not every major church of Christendom has had its liturgical east facing east when, for siting or other reasons, it seemed necessary to change.

Mr. Plommer may be on the side of the angels so far as his abhorrence for looking at 'acres of merchandise' is concerned, but not on the shopkeepers' side, since it is they who, ever since the first glass 'plates' were produced, have demanded larger and larger windows. (I suppose one may assume that they do know their job, but in any case they are the ones who pay to have them put in.)

More serious is the remark in his final paragraph: 'So long as his lectures are rambling and obscure the modern architect cannot expect the educated public to trust him as a designer'. This remark suggests a certain arrogance, or would it be arrogant of architects to claim to be themselves members of the educated public? That there is often a failure in communication between architects and their public is, I think, true. But then, do we all always understand what physicists are up to? Even historians, philosophers, and poets sometimes strike the re-

mainder of the educated public, not of their special interest, as romping in some pretty exotic byways. Mr. Plommer may think the answers to a modern city are to be found in Imperial Rome and Edwardian Leeds, but practical planners know there are no respectable 'arch-types' that merely require a little polishing to make them work. A modern city centre is a problem without precedent and, if we are honest, without a satisfactory solution anywhere in the world so far. What Mr. Johnson-Marshall claimed had been done at Coventry was to loosen-up where 'our ancestors judged the natural centre of traffic' to be and make it work for us in a twentieth-century way for our traffic, our habits of shopping, and our recreation, because however elegant the 'arcades' may be it is still disagreeable if you or your children get hit by a lorry because it proved impossible to devise a foolproof intersection to the arcades and streets.

Yours, etc.,

DENIS OATES

Ilford

Rebuilding in Japan

Sir,—I am glad that Sir George Sansom wrote pointing out inaccuracies in my reference to the 1923 earthquake in my talk printed in THE LISTENER of May 1. I was a very small boy at the time and my information about the earthquake came from Japanese architects during my short visit last summer.

One of the main points I was anxious to make during my broadcast talk was that Japanese

architects are today developing a new aesthetic, for three reasons:

(1) They realise that their country's traditional wood construction does not generally withstand severe earthquakes such as the 1923 one. Sir George Sansom is of course right in reminding me that some wood buildings in Tokyo withstood that earthquake, but I think he will agree that these were relatively small in number.

(2) They realise that a building with a properly designed reinforced concrete frame will resist not only a violent earthquake—which may occur in Japan at any time—but also the fire which will inevitably accompany it.

(3) Rightly or wrongly, most Japanese architects do not permit a study of the traditional architecture of their country basically to influence their work today; rather they consider it their job to create an architecture owing allegiance primarily to the aesthetic discoveries of European artists and to the technological discoveries of European scientists.

Yours, etc.,

NOEL MOFFETT

London, W.2

London's Changing Skyline

Sir,—Mr. Clifton-Taylor's comments (in his letter printed in THE LISTENER of April 24) are timely: London is no place for skyscrapers. Skyscrapers should be confined to towns specially designed for them, where they can be properly spaced out, not introduced haphazard

into streets planned in an earlier time to serve buildings of much smaller size. Buildings of abnormal height demand streets of proportionate breadth, and such are rare in London. If the general height of buildings were raised the traffic congestion would soon become even worse than it is at present, for there would be no possibility of a general widening of streets. New York is not a shining example: it is an awful warning.

Good urban design depends on the maintenance of a certain proportion between the various buildings composing the *ensemble*, and this is destroyed when important public buildings are obscured and overshadowed by new blocks of flats and offices, towering to heights not contemplated in the first instance. London has always been a city of low buildings and small architectural scale. Even her public buildings tend to be smallish. The effect of monstrous intrusions is all the more damaging. Common sense suggests that very high buildings should be restricted to the outskirts, where they can be reached without passing through the centre and are less harmful in every way. Even here they would deprive many lesser buildings of much-needed sunlight, for tall buildings cast long shadows in our northern clime. But the real remedy is in the New Towns.

Good street-architecture depends on a certain measure of conformity. The individual buildings should look as if they belonged to the street. They need not be identical with one another, but should not differ too much in height or character or scale of detail, unless there is some special reason. Such reasonable conformity was easy in the first instance when long stretches were designed *en bloc* and by like-minded men. The London which Wordsworth saw from Westminster Bridge was among the most beautiful cities of Europe. The trouble today is that these old streets are being rebuilt piecemeal by architects who do not conform their designs either to the old ones or to those of one another. As a result the old harmonies are everywhere being destroyed and replaced by a sort of visual pandemonium. The L.C.C. cannot stop this sort of thing altogether, but they can do much to

keep it within bounds. So can the owners of the big estates. So could the architects themselves if they would think more in terms of the street as a whole and less about being original at all costs.

Yours, etc.,

Hertingfordbury

H. W. RICHMOND

The Annus Mirabilis of Flying

Sir,—It is with very great interest I have read the article by Mr. Charles Gibbs-Smith in THE LISTENER of April 24. As an eye-witness of Wilbur Wright's first flight at the Hunaudières, near Le Mans (by the way, it is not, I suppose, without interest to recall that Les Hunaudières racecourse is situated in the very centre of the quadrangle of roads now forming the famous Twenty-four Hours Motor Race track)—and a historian of the early days of aviation, I must say I corroborate all details on the events of that epoch-making year 1908 given by Mr. Gibbs-Smith.

The people of Le Mans, for whom Wilbur Wright is a local hero (there are three Wilbur Wright monuments in or near Le Mans, and a street of the town bears his name), prepare to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the first flight—August 8, 1908. An official celebration will take place on July 6—schoolchildren, for whom it is to a great extent destined, being away on holidays in August—and, during the summer, from mid-June till the end of September, an exhibition of relics of Wilbur Wright, including an actual Wright plane of 1910, and the early aviation pioneers will take place at the Le Mans Art Gallery (Musée de Tessé).

Yours, etc.,

Le Mans

HENRI DELGOVE

'Ivanov'

Sir,—I agree with Mr. Lee; but I did not say that Chekhov meant the Ivanov we heard to seem despicable. Immediately before the remark of mine to which he refers I mentioned that Chekhov's *first* intention was 'to expose and put an end to the type of "whining hero" of the popular Russian novel and play...' I added that the later version's Ivanov 'is at least less

contemptible'. Nevertheless, the later Ivanov goes through most of the motions of his prototype, and there may be some room for doubt as to exactly what the final balance of effects was intended to be.

But the point I tried to make was that a less gifted actor than Sir John Gielgud might have been unable to make us feel that the man who has no feeling for his dying wife and cruelly tells her she is dying was other than despicable. That I did not think it was Chekhov's final intention that Ivanov should seem despicable I tried to indicate by saying that he 'remains a man of sensibility whose cowardly conduct is compassionate'. That is, at any rate, not remote from Mr. Lee's own judgement that 'bad though his behaviour was, he had a kind heart and a sensitive conscience'.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.2

ROY WALKER

Photographing George Meredith

Sir,—Many who have found inspiration from the work of George Meredith must have welcomed the talk in THE LISTENER of May 1. Much of Meredith demands concentrated thought, because he was of Shakespearian stature. I have admired his writings for over sixty years and, as time passed, learned more appreciation of his wisdom.

Much modern fiction is ephemeral; absorbed with physical desire, the authors seem ignorant of the 'divine madness' and spiritual quality of young love as described by George Meredith in *Beauchamp's Career*, *Richard Feverel*, *The Adventures of Harry Richmond*, *Sandra Belloni*, and *Lord Ormont and his Aminta*.

Meredith's courageous and religious attitude to life contrasts with the despairing anger of young modern men. To a generation living with the horrors of war, accustomed to depths of crime, vice, and violence, that is perhaps natural; the optimism of such writers as Meredith and Browning must appear to them unreal. But surely the day must come when those thinkers will again be appreciated and as widely read as in Victorian times.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

AGNES SAVILL

Industry and the Inventor

(continued from page 760)

enormous possibilities inherent in creative teamwork. Jewkes may argue that this is development rather than invention but we cannot underrate the importance of organised step-by-step development. Even if one disagrees with Jewkes on matters of balance, his message in general presents a challenge which is inescapable: how can we get the best of both worlds by fostering independent thinking and at the same time by using institutional resources to the full? We cannot turn back the clock towards a less 'dependent' way of life because specialisation coupled with teamwork and greater dependence on effective co-ordination are inseparable from our modern standard of life.

Industrial research establishments can never be vigilant enough in fostering original thought but, because environment has so vast an influence on us at all stages, schools and universities can also do their part in creating a better understand-

ing of the mechanism of modern life—even of the social skills required in modern business. Perhaps our scientists could be helped to be a little more understanding towards, for example, the sales engineers who must provide the industrial machine with its stimulus of demand? Certainly we can use more fully the known techniques of selecting the right people for certain jobs in order to put our creative talents into channels which give them more chance of adequate expression.

It is also most important to remember that modern management is becoming more catalytic than directive. This is not only as our democracy becomes better educated in the widest sense of the word; it is also partly of management's own volition, as we come to recognise that rapid advance depends on releasing the untold energy and abilities of individuals. This means, perhaps, that we are already moving towards the permis-

sive university atmosphere of organisation, based as it is on a high level of education and sophisticated understanding of common objectives.

This, then, is my feeling: not that industry is restrictive towards free thinking, not that selection tests for jobs are a farce, not even that scientists are made only after three years at a formal seat of learning such as a university, and certainly not that we must decry the facilities of modern life. My view is rather that industrial management is already becoming more permissive, that improved methods of communication, including television, are resulting in a real upsurge in understanding, that our ability to encourage and make use of the outflow of creative ideas is gathering strength. It will never be easy to find the perfect way of utilising these ideas, but, on the whole, I think we are doing a much better job than Professor Jewkes' book suggests.—*Third Programme*

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Schubert. A critical biography by Maurice J. E. Brown. Macmillan. 30s.
Schubert. Memoirs by his friends collected and edited by Otto Erich Deutsch. Black. 70s.

WITH MUCH AFFECTION, conspicuous honesty, and a firm grasp of facts Mr. Maurice Brown has related Schubert to his epoch and placed him and his works clearly before us. In so doing he has produced a notable study of this notoriously elusive material, both the human and the musical. His manifest intention has been to present Schubert without frills and to discuss the music temperately. In both instances he has largely succeeded and has given us the most up-to-date information, the latest though not the final word. There are still matters which elude the biographer, probably always will do so, for they have to do with the workings of Schubert's mind, about which he was seldom forthcoming, rather than with his person. The scientific analyst of the music is in a better position, though he too must be content with a limited perspective until the whole of the music is published and no more manuscripts come to light.

In the meantime there is this book as an indispensable source of reference for the general reader. Of course, the author allows himself some special pleading. That could hardly be otherwise, and even the coolly calculating Einstein does not escape it. There seems to be no middle course with Schubert; either he bores you and you come to hate his music or he so entrances you that you end by loving it all—or nearly all. Mr. Brown stops short of adoration; he is saved there by his intelligence which enables him to detect the tinkle of tin as clearly as the ring of pure gold and to acknowledge the existence of each. Sometimes he is put out by the sheer popularity of one work over another just as good. This angers him to the extent of decrying not simply our foolish irrationality but almost the work itself, fine though it be. He so desires his hero to be well and truly known that it irks him when the lazy acceptance of one gem leaves others hidden; a natural reaction in him against the conservative attitude of an inert public.

To counter it he is by turns persuasive and curt. He will tug at our sleeve, suggesting that 'Ave Maria' is neither as thrilling as the nineteenth century thought nor as dull as it seems now; or he can hit out at those who are bothered by the weakness (for such it is and even Mr. Brown cannot explain it away) of Schubert's long-winded repetitive method in, say, the great C major symphony, lengths which may, in Schumann's estimation, be heavenly but are none the less difficult to endure. We should do well to leave it there, being thankful incidentally that Schubert does at least produce heavenly phrases for these repetitions. It is almost as though he himself were enamoured of them; but there sentimentality enters in and we must try to steer clear of it, as Mr. Brown does. Yet even he sometimes comes near to it in defending Schubert from his detractors. He is bothered about Schubert wearing spectacles in bed, probably falling asleep with them on his nose—

'surely the silliest of all the anecdotes invented about a great artist'. Yet there is nothing silly in an overworked, myopic musician writing in bed; nor does it appear that this was in fact an invented tale.

Those spectacles and other fascinating episodes may be dug out of the pages of memoirs in Professor Deutsch's compilation. Mr. Brown warns us to go carefully here, since everything is made available to the reader, the true, the untrue, and the tendentious half-truths also. But there are copious notes that can be referred to for a witness' reliability. The sentimental ambiguity, the rose-coloured vision, the rare discrimination of a friend like Spaun, all are displayed here in recollections by those who came into contact with Schubert, the men and women of his small circle who adored him and found in his music a reflection of their own imagined spirituality.

There Was a Young Man

By H. M. Burton. Bles. 15s.

In education the state has taken over from life. It provides the bright boy, and many a dull one, with every opportunity. The result, over the past half century, has been an obvious increase in knowledge and a perceptible decline in wisdom. The young man is already equipped with all the answers when he faces life; but life perversely asks the wrong questions. So it is not surprising that he rudely questions the value of being expensively educated through education, if an uncomfortable education through life still awaits him in manhood. If he is a writer he presents frustration as a way of life, resentment as a justification for existence, cynicism as the perennial philosophy. 'The state', says Mr. Burton in this book, 'knew what it wanted when it gave us our chance, and it got what it wanted; but it got something else as well.'

Not that Mr. Burton is either resentful or cynical. His purpose is to describe his career as perhaps typical of a whole generation which was the first to enjoy the benefits of the Balfour Act, 'the first generation in this country to live our whole educational lives, as it were, under the blessings of State Education'. He was born poor, so without government assistance he would have had little formal education. He is duly grateful, but his gratitude is tempered with criticism. If the state helped poor boys like himself to escape from manual labour it also 'ended by robbing us of our attachment to the class from which we climbed without giving us the ability to make ourselves at home in any other'. Material security seems an inadequate reward when accompanied by this nagging complex of fear and ambition.

This book examines with cool reason the source of that fever which has been apparent in some recent plays and novels. Mr. Burton does not talk about contemporary literature. He talks about life. But his analysis of the social problems created by universal education throws light on a great deal of contemporary self-expression. As a contribution to social history this book is important. But Mr. Burton is quite wrong when

he claims that any value his story may have lies solely in its social implications. He presents his own career as typical, but in telling us about himself he achieves the dream of all creative writers—the presentation of a person who is both type and individual. He has created a fascinating autobiography, a modern *Bildungsroman* which starts in the mean streets of Fulham at the beginning of the century and takes our hero through school and university to increasingly critical perception of a life he was not born to. The existence of this lively portrait of a person, a family, and a period, does after all go a long way to justify state education.

The Present Age from 1920. Introductions to English Literature Vol. 5. By David Daiches. Cresset Press. 21s.

Dr. Daiches takes his reader on an informative tour of an already well-charted area. There is, nevertheless, a surprising freshness about his critical summaries. Instead of trying to do justice to everyone, he has taken a few leading figures such as Joyce, Yeats, Eliot, Virginia Woolf, and Lawrence, and allowed himself to write of them at some length—that is, in comparison with the remarks with which the less eminent are rewarded—and there are separate chapters on Poetry, Fiction, Critical and General Prose, and Drama. In conformity with the design of this useful series, more than half the space is devoted to bibliographies of authors who fall within the period under review. Some of the incidental remarks are a little misleading, however, for it is odd to find E. M. Forster merely patted on the head somewhat patronisingly with 'Forster's place as a minor classic among English novelists is secure', while Charles Morgan is designated as 'a novelist of high seriousness, who works problems of art and morality into his novels'. But by the time we reach the bibliographical part of the book the distribution of awards has become a little haphazard.

Dr. Daiches writes very well of both Joyce and Yeats and gives a separate section to Scottish poetry. But perhaps the most interesting part of his book is concerned with changing patterns of taste and belief. 'Who in the 1920s', he asks, 'could have foreseen the vogue of Trollope, or the rehabilitation of Victorian architecture sponsored by John Betjeman? . . . Who in the 1930s foresaw that an *avant garde* that was agnostic and Left-wing would soon give way to one that was Right-wing and religious, or that the credulous idealism of "popular front" intellectuals would soon be regarded . . . as considerably more out of date than the moral fervours of Carlyle and Ruskin'. The question has, indeed, become almost a *cliché*. But, oddly enough, it is just 'the cynical and experimental 1920s', which 'proved to be one of the most fruitful periods in the whole history of English literature', whereas 'the troubled and earnest 1930s' are now remembered for—what? The orange array of the Left Book Club, the high jinks of Auden and Isherwood at the Group Theatre, Stephen Spender's bleeding heart? While from the 'embattled



E.S.I. Question Master

Careers in Electricity Supply

This is an extract from a recorded interview with Mr. Telford, who joined the Electricity Supply Industry as a Graduate Trainee.

“...you can have a go at whatever you want”



Mr. Telford

Question Master: I think we might begin by asking what was your first job in Electricity Supply after your training was finished?

Mr. Telford: Well, my training was interrupted by the war, and it was only in 1950 that I finished my graduate course in the industry. I was then appointed Shift Charge Engineer at Frome, Somerset—a small station but an excellent training ground. From there I went to Earley—a much bigger station of 120 megawatts—as Boiler House Shift Engineer; later I became Charge Engineer there, and for a while was Efficiency Engineer, as well.

Q.M.: Your next step was London, wasn't it?

Telford: Yes, I came to London as Second Assistant Engineer on the Divisional Staff, and later I was

appointed Deputy Superintendent at Bankside Generating Station—the position which I hold now.

Q.M.: Bankside is a pretty big station, and at 36 you're young, aren't you, to be a Deputy Superintendent? But what made you come to London in the first place?

Telford: A chance came along to get some administrative experience at H.Q. level, and I thought I'd better take it.

Q.M.: Does the Industry give many opportunities like that?

Telford: It most certainly does. It gives you a complete opportunity to have a go at whatever you want, and what you think you're best equipped for. The man who wants to get on is helped in every possible way; I've attended several courses run by the Industry, not only on technical

matters, but on subjects like personnel selection and industrial relations.

Q.M.: You find your job gives you scope for managerial ability—dealing with people as well as machines?

Telford: Yes, indeed. I don't think there are many better opportunities than in a power station, because you have something of everything. You have the mechanical side, the electrical side, the building side—and most of all, a number of people with varied interests and jobs.

Q.M.: Now a word about newcomers to the industry. If you have a chap of ability who is prepared to get down to the task, what would you say his opportunities were like?

Telford: I would say that he has really splendid opportunities. For one

thing, a career in the industry is established on a very firm footing—you could do without a lot of things, but it's impossible to get on nowadays without electrical energy.

Another point worth remembering is that a man coming into the industry has the choice of the entire country to work in, and there's no parochial approach.

We'd like to publish more of this interview but there isn't space. For details of the many careers in the Electricity Supply Industry and the salaried training schemes available, ask at your local Generating or Distribution Board's offices, or write direct to:

The Education and Training Officer,
The Electricity Council,
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Edited by D. R. Bates, F.R.S.
The Queen's University of Belfast

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and hard-working 1940s' might be salvaged *Horizon*, the woes of Palinurus and the seminal ecstasies of Dylan Thomas, till finally we come to the mid-1950s and the writer's 'concern for security'. This 'self-employed' member of the Welfare State, whose own welfare is so problematical, can at least console himself with the thought that this is a state of affairs he has himself helped to bring about by his credulous popular front idealism and a championing of every cause except his own. This leads us directly to the next generation of writers, who, while determined that nobody shall put anything across *them*, are yet resentful that there is no cause left worth dying for. But these Dr. Daiches does not discuss.

In comparison with modern American writers, Dr. Daiches detects a certain complacent insularity among those very intellectuals who used to be so internationally minded. He concedes that the British writer today no longer has the money to travel and that, instead of reporting how much better things are ordered in France, he stays at home and rediscovers his own country and its traditions. But while this, surely, cannot be held against him, it does not account for the ever-growing literature of travel into which since the war many English writers have put their best talents. This also is an aspect of modern English literature which Dr. Daiches does not discuss. His book, which replaces Edwin Muir's original volume of 1939, should nevertheless be of use to all students of English busily writing theses and to all W.E.A. and University Extension Lecturers, though they will still have to refer back to Mr. Muir's more humane and far more inclusive work.

The Chartist Challenge: a Portrait of George Julian Harney. By A. R. Schoyen. Heinemann. 25s.

This book, with its somewhat pretentious title, is in fact a straight biography of a single Chartist leader, who has been given less than his due by historians, only to be somewhat overpraised by his present biographer, who is the first to offer a full-length study. Julian Harney, a Londoner of working-class parentage and upbringing, was closely connected with the Chartist movement through all its successive phases from the Convention of 1839 to the dissolution of the movement in the 1850s, and was throughout a leading opponent of all attempts to bring about collaborative relations between the working-class Chartists and the middle-class Radical Reformers, whom he saw as standing in irreconcilable antagonism to the working classes, and as utterly committed to the anti-interventionist doctrines of the Manchester School.

Through the movement's earlier phases, Harney was one of the most thoroughgoing advocates of physical force, scouting the notion that Radical Reform could be secured in any other way than by open fighting against the forces of the government and the auxiliary forces of yeomanry, police and special constables who were at its command to keep the workers down.

He began largely as a disciple of Brontë O'Brien, who still awaits his biographer, and, like O'Brien, he drew his inspiration mainly from the French Jacobins and from the equalitarian ideas of Gracchus Babeuf. On this basis, he preached an unqualified doctrine of class-war, which should have delighted Marx

and Engels—but they, in spite of it, quarrelled with him and denigrated him in their correspondence under the soubriquet of 'Citizen Hip Hip Hurrah'. He was, however, for some years in close and friendly contact with Engels before the break came; and the first publication of the Communist Manifesto in English took place in his journal, *The Red Republican*, in 1850. As editor of the *Northern Star* from 1845 to 1850, and again as its owner in its last days in 1852, he held a highly influential position in the movement until he was driven out through disagreeing with Feargus O'Connor after 1848.

In 1855, seeing no hope of an effective continuance of Chartism in Great Britain, he settled down in Jersey, where he became editor of a small local newspaper which he turned into a daily and used for a sustained attack on the semi-feudal institutions which still prevailed there. Thus he continued until 1862, when his strong support of the North in the American Civil War brought his differences with the proprietors to a head and led to his dismissal. He then emigrated to the United States, where he was employed until 1877 as a clerk in the public service, playing no part in American politics. He retired on reaching the age of sixty and re-visited England, but returned to America, where he continued to live until 1888, when he finally came back to England and settled down at Richmond in Surrey, becoming in his old age a regular contributor to Joseph Cowen's *Radical Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, to which he continued to contribute a weekly article right up to the time of his death. He died in 1897 at the ripe age of eighty, almost forgotten by the new generation of Socialists, who had set out, in Hyndman's words, to revive the Chartist agitation. His views had mellowed greatly since the Chartist days, but remained unchanged in essence to the end.

Harney was no great thinker; but he taught himself to be a mob-orator and lecturer of parts and a trenchant left-wing journalist with a talent for vituperation. Raising himself to a position of authority when very young—he was not yet twenty-two when he was a delegate to the first Chartist convention in 1839 and had then been already for some time the leading figure in the London Democratic Association, the East End rival of Lovett's London Working Men's Association—he played his part in the Chartist movement in his twenties and thirties, and thereafter dropped out of notice in the great world.

Mr. Schoyen has gathered up with skill and diligence the widely scattered information about Harney's activities, and has made good use of his numerous articles and reported speeches. He has fulfilled reasonably well his task of presenting a portrait of Julian Harney, but cannot make of him anything in the nature of a great man—which he certainly was not. Nor has he found it possible to use Harney as the peg for a rounded picture of the Chartist movement; for there are many aspects of Chartism which find no place in his story. What he has done, however, he has done quite well and readably and with only a few minor slips that do not matter.

In the Land of the Musk-Ox

By J. Glaever. Jarrolds. 21s.

North East Greenland must be one of the most inhospitable regions in the world; the coastal lowlands are backed by rugged mountains with glaciers from the ice-cap streaming down their

valleys, and the bays and fjords are so blocked with ice that it is difficult to force a ship close enough for a landing. It was not always thus, for the remains of Norse settlements show that less than a thousand years ago it was a habitable land with a considerable population. Thereafter the climate deteriorated, the human population gradually departed and for centuries the land was seldom visited. But the ice is again unlocking the coast as the temperature increases and the isotherms on the maps slowly creep north—in the last half century North East Greenland has become better known through the journeys of an increasing number of travellers. Since the early years of the century the Scandinavians have sent regular expeditions to this part of the Arctic for exploration and commercial exploitation, and even cruise-ships sometimes call with tourists during the summer.

Delightful as the short arctic summer may be with its sudden outburst of flowers under the midnight sun, and the innumerable birds that migrate to the north for the brief nesting season, the winter is long and fierce, and the land is a desolation of ice and snow swept by frequent blizzards. But the winter is the busy time for the hunters and trappers who come in search of polar bear skins and fox furs. Their beats are dotted with minute huts six or seven feet square to provide shelter each night on a round with sledge and dogs lasting about a week before returning to base-camp. The author of this book has led the life of a trapper in these remote regions, and relates his experiences as a series of yarns about the country, the birds and beasts, his companions and their dogs. It will be enjoyed by those who like the open air in far off lands, tough adventure, and no punches pulled in the telling. The author's natural history is sometimes at fault when he draws upon hearsay, but his first-hand stories are excellent, and some of them very dramatic, as 'The Christmas Bear' with its grim ending.

The Rise of Modern Asia

By Ian Thomson. Murray. 18s.

The idea of this book is good. Recognising the importance of understanding the immense changes which have taken place in Asia in recent years, especially since Japan's defeat in 1945, Mr. Thomson has set himself the task of outlining the main developments during the half century or so preceding the close of the second world war and following this up with 'a summary of some of the tremendous events' that have occurred since.

In fairness to the author, it is necessary to stress his description of Part I as 'no more than an outline' and Part II as 'a summary', as otherwise it would be difficult to excuse the sketchiness and omissions which tend to destroy the value of what might otherwise have been a most useful work. This is particularly true of Part I, in which compression has, in places, been carried so far that the general reader, with only a nodding acquaintance with the developments described, is likely to be more misled than enlightened. An outstanding example of this is seen in the few lines devoted to the period between Japan's defeat of China in 1895 and her war with Russia nine years later. No mention is made in them of the crucial Triple Intervention or of the way in which Russia then proceeded to acquire Port Arthur, although Germany's acquisition of Kiaochow is mentioned

and, quite erroneously, the Anglo-Japanese Alliance is ascribed to British and Japanese 'suspicion of Germany'.

This is but one of a number of instances in which compression and actual misstatements combine to reduce the value of a book which, in its broad outline and wide field of interest, has much to commend it. It is not only with the Far East and south and east Asia that the author concerns himself. He deals also with developments in the Middle East and the Arab States, and in Part II he starts very rightly by emphasising the 'enormous effect on the events of the post-war era' arising from the decisions reached at Yalta. The anti-colonial attitude shared, ironically, by Roosevelt and Stalin; the resurgence of nationalism and Communism as a

result of Japan's occupation of the south-east Asian countries during the Pacific War; the political 'time bombs' left by Japan in Indo-China and Indonesia; the extraordinary resilience shown by Japan since her defeat a bare twelve years ago; the fatal blow to Western prestige and domination in south and south-east Asia delivered by Japan's initial successes in the War; the emergence of the two great Asian giants, India and China; the racial issue presented by the Afro-Asian combination since Bandung; the problems posed, especially in Malaya, Singapore and Siam, by the large communities of 'Overseas Chinese'; the creation of the Israeli State and its consequences in the Middle East; the rise of neutralism and its effects as a 'Third Force'; the change-over in

Russian tactics to the courting of the new 'non-committed' countries of Asia by offers of friendship and economic aid and by posing as the champions of peace and anti-colonialism—all this, and much else besides, is covered in these pages. The last three chapters, centring on the Bandung Conference and its consequences, are, however, the best; apart from their timely interest and value, they are free from the mistakes and over-compression which mar so many of the others. The author, it should be added, has been wise to avoid the temptation to pass too many judgements; and although he gives reasons for thinking that Russia may be becoming envious of her Chinese ally, he is careful not to indulge in any wishful thinking about a possible future split.

Short Stories

Exile and the Kingdom. By Albert Camus. Hamish Hamilton. 13s. 6d.

The Stories of Seán O'Faoláin. Hart-Davis. 21s.

The Lady and the Cut-throat. By Tom Hopkinson. Cape. 15s.

English Short Stories of Today. Selected by Dan Davin. Oxford. 12s. 6d.

IF it is true that the brain is a filter whose purpose is to exclude all but the thin trickle of experience which the individual is able to make use of to stay alive, then short stories, even better perhaps than novels, show the gauge of the author's mesh. They are like those nuggets of coal which have been screened into separate wagon loads of four-inch, three-inch, two-inch sizes, the size of course being not the length of the story but the dimension. It is the size of the hole in the screen married to technical skill that determines what undertones and overtones are there to extend the experience beyond the moment, and leave echoes to reverberate in the mind of the reader.

M. Camus, having the extra vitality of the really good writer, can stand the wider mesh and has the assured technique to deal with his material. A common theme, expressed in his title, which is not the title of any of the stories, gives unity to this collection of six, four of which have a primitive background of the North African desert, or of the Brazilian jungle.

In 'The Adulterous Woman' the wife of a traveller in silk and cloth accompanies her husband on a business tour of the towns on the fringe of the Sahara. Stirred out of her habitual inertia by the first sight of the tremendous spaces, she steals out of their hotel at night and climbs onto the parapet of the city where she enjoys a fantasy of intercourse with the sky over the desert. In 'The Renegade' a missionary whose tongue has been cut out by the Arabs of the salt city fires on the Europeans who are coming to rescue him, and prefers to try to satisfy his distorted nerves by the agonising pleasure of returning to his captors for more punishment. In 'The Guest' the school master at his solitary post on the edge of the desert is pressed into their service by the police, who want him to deliver to the nearest town an Arab convicted of murder. Moved by an impulse of pity and a sense of the inadequacy of human judgement, the school master sets the man free to go where he will, only to see him plodding dumbly towards his fate, while he himself is threatened with the hostility of the desert people for sending him there. In 'The Silent Men'

the workers in a coöperage, who have struck for a rise in pay which the business cannot afford, return to work after the strike is broken to find that they cannot resume their old human relationship with the employer with whom they have hitherto been on good terms. In 'The Artist At Work' a painter who has attained a measure of success allows his daimon to be choked by the constant pressure of domestic and social life. In the last story, 'The Growing Stone', the French engineer, D'Arrast, who comes to the remote Brazilian town to build a jetty, finds some solution to his own problems by sharing in an impossible vow made by a mulatto seaman in a moment of extreme danger.

In all these stories, admirably translated by Justin O'Brien, what is the exile and what is the kingdom? It seems that the conflict is between something that those who use an expression of such doubtful validity might call the normal, and the imperious claim of a more violent life of unlimited horizons and heightened consciousness which is symbolised for M. Camus by the desert country he loves, and describes with such intensity. Strong feeling, even the besotted violence of fantasy as in 'The Renegade', is preferable to the tepid world of half feelings; the blinkers must be dashed away to let in whatever horror there is to be seen. The artist cannot paint because when he is shut off by too much visible reality from this other world, the god leaves Anthony. Only in the last story is there a suggestion of harmony when the exile, the civilised Frenchman, perhaps returns to the kingdom by using his bodily strength in an extravagant act that identifies him with the primitive people.

The desert of M. Camus could be in any country as well as in the country of the heart. With Seán O'Faoláin we are in a more defined landscape, Ireland self-consciously nationalist and the Catholic Church. In a disarming preface Mr. O'Faoláin apologises for including in this collection two of his earliest stories, because they are romantic, 'full of words like "dawn" and "dew", "youth", "world", "adamant", and "dusk".' "Dawn" he says "is surely not a prose writer's word, and it is no longer a decent

word for a poet to use unless he is a Frenchman, for whom rhetoric is all right'. All the same it would have been a pity not to include 'Midsummer Magic' and 'Fugue' in a representative collection, for although they deal with the conventional Irish material of decaying grandeur in old houses, of burning ricks and men on the run, they have the freshness and charm of early work. They are without the irony that crisps the later stories many of which are about women, especially in their relations to their religion. By comparison with the desert of M. Camus, Seán O'Faoláin's is a familiar world, shored up by an old faith, and conflict is often followed by reconciliation.

The title story of Tom Hopkinson's book is an irritating bit of whimsy, a genre very difficult to bring off and here not successful. The same might be said of another tale about a half-fairy réindeer, but most of the stories in this collection are practical and convincing, dealing with the clash between men over business or between men and women in love. Mr. Hopkinson is perhaps more convincing about love than about business. It is difficult to believe that a lazy and inefficient man like Belchambers in 'A Nearly Square Deal' could change into an executant of so much ability and energy, even with a congenial partner. But how well Mr. Hopkinson describes the crescendo and decrescendo of a love-affair, the moment when, before either partner is aware of it, satiety is reached and feeling begins to decline. These are the kind of short stories that run to narrative rather than to dialogue, of which they are short, but the narrative is very well done in unpretentious prose.

English Short Stories of Today, the second of these collections to appear, is intended for students, and Mr. Davin has made a selection from twelve of the best writers of our times which besides being well varied introduces them all at their most easily readable.

Novels also recommended: *The Asphalt Playground*, by John Wiles (Gollancz, 15s. 6d.), and *Reapers of the Storm*, by Elizabeth Lyttleton and Herbert Sturz (Dennis Dobson, 18s.).

LETTICE COOPER

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Breaking Through

WHEN STIRLING MOSS was last interviewed they asked him if he didn't weary of always racing against the same lot of chaps. He intimated, quite sincerely one felt, that he didn't mind this at all because he was a professional. Like the motor-racing world live television also has its 'circus' of seasoned pros. whom one sees week after week offering the viewer the same foibles and the same apparently effortless mastery of the track. From my spectator's seat near the pits, well out of danger, I am often to be heard complaining about a state of affairs where such a widespread, powerful medium should seem continually to be owing so much to so few. Surely, one says, as the same names keep on cropping up, there must be more talent than this! It can't be true that talking in a brash, compelling manner in front of a few cameras really is as difficult as driving a Vanwall or a Ferrari.

And yet, and yet . . . when one sees so many come a cropper while the *habitués* continue with baffling brilliance to burn up the track one has an insight into why producers keep on reproducing the fiery few who, while the others remain earnest specimens behind the glass, somehow break through into the room. I have no idea what the secret of break-through is; all I know is that Sir Gerald Kelly has it, Sir Brian Horrocks has it, Mr. Alan Melville has it, Mr. John Betjeman . . . but you can finish the list yourself by flipping through this or any other week's *Radio Times*.

For anyone else but Sir Gerald, showing off some of the pictures of the Iveagh Bequest at Kenwood, to shout 'Come on!' at least three times to the lagging

viewer as he passed from one room to another would be embarrassingly silly, but when he does it it seems so natural that one almost felt a gentle tugging at the sleeve. For anyone else to stare at a Rembrandt self-portrait, heave a huge sigh and say, 'You know, my auntie was wrong. The man who painted that wasn't a bad man', would seem to be committing a hideous impertinence, but when he does it, it works. People in desperate need of art criticism on television



Sir Gerald Kelly with Gainsborough's portrait of Mary, Countess Howe, in the programme on April 30 when he discussed some of the pictures in Kenwood House



His Highness the Aga Khan in 'Press Conference' on May 2

the actual fighting, Sir Brian showed how the small station of Kohima in the Burma Campaign suddenly became the linchpin in the defence of India, and with what great cost and gallantry it was defended by the men of the 14th Army.

Beside the natural eloquence of a Horrocks or a Kelly, attempts to jazz up documentary material seem rather pointless even when they are quite well done, as in 'You Are There'. Fresh soup was made this week out of the bones of Sir Thomas Bouch, the man chiefly responsible for the appalling Tay Bridge Disaster in 1879, when not only the rickety bridge but, as one critic pointed out reviewing the recent book on the subject, the whole self-confidence of the Victorian age collapsed. A court of inquiry, in which most of the action took place, hardly ever fails on television, and certainly didn't here with good people impersonating Bouch and the villainous foreman Fergus Ferguson, but for all its historical accuracy one could not escape the sense of a faintly distasteful rubbernecking backwards into the past.

Anyone who has reached the summit of Annapurna IV with some absorbing film sequences taken on the way up does not require any special screen manner to put his story across, as Dr. Charles Evans showed us on April 30. Compression of the whole 25,000-foot ascent of days and



'The Tay Bridge Disaster Enquiry' in the series 'You Are There' on April 30: scene in the courtroom with (left to right) Geoffrey Chater as Colonel Yolland, Frederick Leister as the President of the Court, Mark Bennett as Mr. Barlow, and (in the witness-box) John Gordon as James McGowan; foreground, a model of the bridge

should not watch Sir Gerald. He is a soul quite shamelessly adventuring among masterpieces. He is enjoyment writ large.

I seem to have written so often about Sir Brian Horrocks' programmes that I feel almost apologetic about bringing another one to notice, but really, as anyone who heard him on 'Kohima', number three of 'Epic Battles', on May 1, will agree, there is no need of apology in recalling this most memorable half-hour. With a minimum, of map play and some most vivid shots of

sion of the whole 25,000-foot ascent of days and days in the snow into half an hour tends to lose sight of the qualities of determination and endurance involved, and to hear Dr. Evans talk with such detachment about it all one might think that the feat was largely a matter of planning. But the pictures told their own story—climbers prodding the deep snow to discover the crevasses, the great snow dome and the peaks of II and IV seeming to change their shape and grow more formidable as they were approached, and the last exhausted walk within 400 feet of the top when the party was suffering from an acute shortage of oxygen. To have had the patience to bother with film cameras and equipment under such conditions seems itself remarkable.

Like the surface of Annapurna the young Aga Khan needed a certain amount of prodding in his 'Press Conference' last Friday. Appearing as a rather shy, polite, and yet thoroughly charming product of Harvard, making occasional jabs



Scene from 'On Monday Next' on May 4, with (left to right) Cicely Paget-Bowman as Maud Barron, Raymond Cooney as Jerry Winterton, Larry Noble as the author, Brian Rix as Harry Blacker, Cyril Chamberlain as Jackson Harley, Sheila Mercier as Sandra Layton, and Peter Mercier as Norwood Beverly

of firm refusal to play when the questions became too personal, he began to warm to the occasion just after half way; and by the end he had become really interesting on the problem of whether his education fitted him for his great inheritance of responsibility. Full marks, incidentally to the four questioners, led by John Freeman, for keeping the ball so skilfully in the air the whole time.

ANTHONY CURTIS

DRAMA

Tantrum and Chortle

THE SUNDAY EVENING programme is no longer based on the confident Tennysonian assumption that 'we needs must love the highest when we see it'. We are encouraged instead to find summer comfort amid farce unqualified. If we are to enjoy the change from a challenging climate to that of relaxed basking, let Henry Kendall be our master of the rowdy revels. He knows to the full how, as producer, to make the most of a capering comedian on the stage and how to stimulate the chortle in the audience.

In Philip King's 'On Monday Next' the theatre laughs loudly at itself. A repertory company's first rehearsal of a play that must be ready in five days offers abundant opportunity for tantrums and temperament. A meek little author endeavours to make his puny presence felt: it is as though a mouse were intervening in a bull-fight. There is time for a little of the pathos of a senior actress who has once, just once, been a leading lady in the West End and is now back on the play-a-week treadmill. Cicely Paget-Bowman gave us her resignation poignantly. For the rest, there were ninety minutes of calamity and chaos with Brian Rix in the centre of the scrimmage, a site to which he is well accustomed. My regret was that Joan Sims had a part far too small for her simpering comedy. There was, nothing specially televisual about this affair: it was a stage-play directly screened to our armchairs. I did not want to leave mine.

nounced that Fred's boss was bringing in machinery to replace Fred's skill of hand and to put the Carraways out of work. There was fury at the Finchers'. One can hardly escape the pun that the party went 'hopping mad'.

There have been machine-wreckers in England before now and Ma Carraway was ready for anything. Secretly she took to sabotage and in a nocturnal raid she drastically smashed up the new gadget. This put her right with Fincher and violent strife was ended in becoming smiles.

The story's humours of farm-house backchat were traditional and elementary. Oh my Eden, oh my Phillpotts long ago—or not so very long ago! The players mentioned went capably into the snap and snarl with Dandy Nichols effectively contributing another sharp tongue. If the author's suggestion was that Ma Carraway had struck a blow for the right, the morals of her play are certainly questionable. There was no word of sympathy for the boss who remained unseen.

The Television Playwright series (April 29) brought a tele-recorded Canadian piece by that skilful script-writer, Arthur Hailey, 'The Transmogrification of Chester Brown'. There

There was further supply of tantrums and less successful pursuit of chortles in 'The Pick of the Season' by Jean McConnell (May 1). This West of England Studio production provided an hour of 'pastoral-comical' with plenty of scrap and bluster. Fred Fincher (George Woodbridge), large and gruff, was employed on a hop-farm in Kent and was vastly proud of his hand-picked bines. He could not endure the London family of Carraway who had the habit of coming to lodge and labour in the picking season. That was not surprising since Ma Carraway (Ethel Coleridge) was a testy old bag of trouble; so there were ructions and rum-pus until it was an-

is: no modernism in the words used; transmogrify, meaning to change completely and surprisingly, is as old as Oliver Cromwell. No less antique was the story of a little man, at last plucking up courage to defy the Boss. We have seen Big-Shots out-gunned by little pellets before now. Chester Brown had the plucking-up done for him by a sympathetic secretary in the office where he worked and by a professor of psychology who gave classes in the building up of personality.

Since there cannot be new plots, we can be all the more ready to welcome a new touch with the old stencils. Arthur Hailey made the tutorial classes for the under-confident extremely amusing and his characters remained engagingly actual while the story was becoming fantastic. David Gardner as the clerk, transmogrified from almost a worm to quite a dragon, was charming in both phases. Charming, too, was Lois Maxwell as his guardian angel in the office. Alan Keith's tycoonery and Guy Kingsley Poynter's psychological spoof were also well in tune with a gay composition whose length of fifty minutes was just right: another ten minutes and we might have wearied of Chester and his rise from a cringe to a command. But Arthur Hailey and his producer, John Jacobs, know much about television drama—including when to stop.

Saturday night's usual eight o'clock festivities were given a new aspect by the introduction of a short play, 'The One Day a Year Man', by David Whitaker. For this we were whisked from Jimmy Logan's Clydeside (imaginary but convincing) to the grounds (actual) of a famous country mansion, Longleat, seat of the Marquis of Bath. The play came to a quick, neat point and we, thus magic-carpeted into Wiltshire, had the pleasures of open-air theatricals in a lordly setting without the chilly obligation to sit in the open during an evening verging on frost: indeed the best of both worlds.

IVOR BROWN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Hold Your Horses

IT IS A CURIOUS coincidence that Raymond Raikes' impressive Third Programme production of a new verse translation of Euripides' 'Hippolytus' should turn up in the same week as the London stage premiere of Giraudoux' post-

humous play about a conflict between extreme chastity and lawless passion (and both plays centre on a fictitious rape), 'Duel of Angels'. Euripides' drama is a duel of goddesses, played out between statues of Aphrodite and Artemis set on opposite sides of the stage.

Aphrodite has the opening speech, announcing the whole action of the tragedy to follow. Artemis does not actually speak until very near the end, when the news of Hippolytus' fatal chariot-crash has been brought to his father, Theseus. The radio production could not compensate for that continuous presence in silent confrontation of the rival goddesses, between whom the human action is played out; or rather it threw more emphasis on to these forces working in the breasts of Hippolytus and Phaedra.

The main theme of the play I take to be that extreme passion and extreme chastity are equally destructive opposites. It rises to a moving human magnanimity which sur-



'The Pick of the Season' on May 1, with (left to right) Hedley Goodall as Grandad, George Woodbridge as Fred Fincher, Jeremy Longhurst as Norman Bates, Dorothy White as Mary Fincher, Sheila Raynor as Rose Fincher, Dandy Nichols as Dolly Fagg, and (seated) Ethel Coleridge as Mrs. Carraway

passes the cruel goddesses. Phaedra herself is a victim of desire but not quite passion's slave. She merely fails to prevent her old Nurse from disclosing her longing to her step-son. But her suicide and the false charge against him which she leaves, though motivated more by concern for her good name and the interests of her children than by jealous revenge, is not much more than self-regarding. Whereas the dying Hippolytus, in deliberate contrast with the vengeful Artemis, forgives his deluded father the death he has brought upon him by his curse.

What Euripides is saying puts severe strain on his plot, the enforced separations and silences strike us as stiff even within classical conventions. That Artemis should never converse with Aphrodite may be symbolically suitable. That Phaedra should exchange no word with Hippolytus is, in one way, a loss of dramatic opportunity; it is not surprising that Seneca and Racine brought them together in their versions. There is another loss in delaying Theseus' return until after Phaedra's death, so that they never speak together. On top of this, no one must tell Theseus the truth until, too late, Artemis reveals it to him. Hippolytus may not speak for himself, bound by the oath the Nurse extracted from him. The Chorus is similarly bound by the oath to Phaedra and, the scholars emphasise, by the convention that they must not interfere. It is arguable that the Nurse would not talk either, even after her mistress' death. But it seems a strain on plausibility that Hippolytus should never ask for her to be summoned, and that no reason for her silence should be dramatically rendered.

Another somewhat inconsistent feature of the play involves its finest piece of poetic symbolism; which tempts one to speculate that Euripides had been reluctant to discard something which may have fitted better into his earlier version, in which Phaedra was prepared to go to any lengths to gratify her passion. Anyway, the image of the charioteer whose wild horses drag him to destruction when the bull-monster emerges from the sea from which Aphrodite rose must be that of a man destroyed by unnatural denial of his own sexual nature.

In February I urged that June Tobin should be cast as Phaedra, thinking, of course, of Racine's famous role. The Phaedra of Euripides has not quite that passionate gamut to run, but it is still a tremendously difficult emotional part and Miss Tobin did it magnificently. One has only to reflect on the abuse thrown at Shakespeare's Isabella to realise that the inflexible male chastity of Hippolytus is an even trickier part for a modern actor. David Peel met it admirably with a sensibility and integrity that not only made such singular virtue sympathetic but led persuasively to his final noble forgiveness of his father. The chorus was notably led by a young Greek classical singer, Arda Mandikian, with appropriate music by Thomas Eastwood, the new version by Iain Fletcher and D. S. Carne-Ross achieved style and evocative power without losing the flexibility of natural speech, and Raymond Raikes' production sustained a remarkable standard throughout.

Possibly the treatment of the rival goddesses, excellently spoken by Nicolette Bernard and Jill Balcon, was less distinguished though there is no agreement about what exactly Euripides meant them to be. One had hoped that radio could distinguish more dramatically between the different levels of immortals and mortals. Notwithstanding Gilbert Murray's appreciation of the 'impersonal grandeur' of Aphrodite, might she not effectively speak in the tones of a super- (or is it sub-?) human passion rather than with a certain conventionally classical standoffishness? And might not Artemis, instead of the warm though restrained feeling of Jill Balcon's voice, have a chilling deadliness as the vengeful

chaste huntress? But, all in all, this was a notable rendering of a great play which does not seem to have had a professional revival in central London since I saw Maurice Evans act it at the Old Vic in 1935.

ROY WALKER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Fun and Games

ACCORDING TO *Radio Times*, the Midland Region's literary panel game, 'My Word!', which has just begun a new weekly run in the Home Service, originated when Mr. Tony Shryane, in order to while away the tedium of a railway journey to East Anglia (how one sympathises), asked Mr. Edward J. Mason if he knew what a Houyhnhnm was. Mr. Mason did, and said so: upon which, Mr. Shryane 'exclaimed admiringly', and Mr. Mason has been sitting in Birmingham reference library hunting up similar teasers ever since. From the egghead's point of view, this all seemed somewhat unambitious: a matter of sharpening pencils rather than wits.

As it turned out, the programme included several extremely difficult questions which neither the team nor I nor two other eggheads listening with me could answer. My complaint about this game is of quite a different kind. It seemed to me to fall uneasily between genuine brain-teaser and professional funny session. Very often the team (with the exception of Miss Arnot Robertson) didn't take the questions seriously but seemed to be regarding the whole thing as slightly beneath them, like self-consciously 'clever' people at a suburban party. Whenever they could, they preferred to try to be funny. Now Frank Muir and Denis Norden are brilliant professional creators of comedy, and they were, often, quite funny: but not, for me, funny enough. They played for laughs too determinedly. To such an extent did the actual questions and answers seem a mere excuse for something else that nobody said anything when Inigo Jollifant was identified as the Yorkshire carpenter in 'The Good Companions'. I know I am sticking my neck out over this: the popularity of these parlour-games-cum-amateur-variety-turns is one of the things we have to accept. But personally I prefer my comedy and my brain-teasing to be kept separate.

If you are going to play a parlour game primarily straight, then 'Round Britain Quiz' (and even more its brilliant progenitor 'Transatlantic Quiz', in which Alistair Cooke, John Mason Brown, and the late Christopher Morley used to take part) shows how it can be done. If you are going to play primarily for a lark, 'Twenty Questions' remains, for me, unbeatable. Here the listener knows the answer in advance, so the brain-teasing element is removed and he can concentrate on enjoying the performances. When I heard the programme this week, I thought, as I have before, that Joy Adamson and Anona Winn have just the right kind of enthusiastic seriousness, not lacking the light touch yet never straining after effect, enjoying the time-honoured procedure without wanting to improve on it by being smart and over-sophisticated. And nobody could help laughing at Jack Train's superb disregard for the niceties of grammar and his irresistibly awful puns. Gilbert Harding, who seems to have mellowed since I last listened, dominated without being domineering.

The speeches at the annual dinner of the Royal Academy have become a regular sound-broadcasting occasion. Oratory is the Establishment's favourite parlour game, and no doubt if you are there in Burlington House, and have just dined splendidly, and your cigar is drawing nicely, and you have just caught a witty aside from the Honorary Academician Extraordinary,

you are in the mood to enjoy these ringing toasts, these resounding cadences. But the listener, the uninvited guest, sitting alone in his bedroom slippers sipping Nescafé, may find his digestive juices aren't helping out his sense of tradition in the way they ought to be. For this year's record, Mr. Macmillan mentioned Angry Young Men; Admiral Sir Caspar John alluded wittily to his illustrious father's intermittent associations with the Academy; the President attacked P-c-sso; Sir Kenneth Clark played a sound, statesmanlike innings for the Guests.

To end on a more serious note: on Friday (Third) David Jones read, very impressively, an excerpt from his new work in progress. In 'The Tribune's Visitation' a Roman legate addressed the occupying forces in Jerusalem in the first century A.D. Slowly the theme emerged: what began as a military pep-talk gradually became a grim, treasonable exploration of the horror of world-dominion: 'Do we but supervise a world of death, being dead long since?' Behind the harsh world-weariness one couldn't help feeling, all the more strongly for its being nowhere mentioned, the coming of another hegemony, a living one. But the legate of the doomed empire could know only that 'from darkness to greater darkness the issue is'. Mr. Jones' use of language was at times cryptic and archaic, and the passage did not, for me, at a first hearing, come off completely. But it was a most interesting and rewarding experiment.

K. W. GRANSDEN

MUSIC

Demi-opera

THE WEEK BEGAN AND ENDED with performances of two quasi-operas or demi-oratorios by Swiss composers, Frank Martin and Arthur Honegger. It was the latter who hit upon this compromise, hardly used since Handel, failing in the opera house, devoted himself to treating sacred themes in operatic form. Honegger arranged the incidental music he had composed for René Morax' drama, 'King David', as a concert-work with a narrator taking the place of the stage-characters. For all the impressive austerity of the music and its undeniable dramatic character, it remains incidental music. For this reason 'King David' has never seemed to me a successful work of art. I do not know whether this opinion would have been modified by the performances given last week-end under Sir Malcolm Sargent's direction, for, owing to some trouble in the London post-offices, this article has to be written earlier than usual.

Frank Martin's 'Le Vin Herbé', which was broadcast at the beginning of the week under the direction of Walter Goehr, is a much more successful composition, for all that it lacks the power and pungency of Honegger's music, so apt to its Old Testament subject. But Martin is concerned with a restrained account of the medieval legend of Tristan and Iseult by Joseph Bédier, whose sensitive treatment of the story is far removed from Wagner's libretto so passionately sensual under its veneer of philosophy. So Martin's oratorio too is restrained and sensitive, close, spiritually if not in its idiom, to Debussy's 'Pelléas et Mélisande'. One may feel at first that this music is too dispassionate. Yet under this seemingly cool, clean surface we soon become aware of strong emotions flowing, and their effect is all the more moving because they are not allowed to sweep away all restraint.

Martin uses as narrator and commentator a small chorus (admirably represented by the Ambrosian Singers), a better solution than Honegger's spoken narrative which breaks up the musical movements into penny numbers. He also uses a string septet with piano from which he obtains an expressive colouring ample for his purpose. This was beautifully realised in the

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performance by a group of excellent players.

Richard Lewis was in splendid voice as Tristan. Magda Laszlo sang well as Iseult, informing her music with the right degree of passion. Helen Watts, Una Hale, Janet Baker, and Bruce Boyce (a noble King Mark) completed the excellent cast. This was altogether a most successful and refreshing event.

We had a taste of the true, the blushing Wagnerian Hippocrene on Friday when Sir John Barbirolli opened his concert for the Royal Philharmonic Society with the Prelude and Liebestod from 'Tristan und Isolde'. Not that these were beaded bubbles winking at the brim and, perhaps, there ought not to be in this particular potion. But there should be some life, some movement in it. Mozart's lovely early Symphony in A (K.201) was given a more slap-

dash performance than one expected from the Hallé Orchestra.

Perhaps Sir John and his orchestra were reserving themselves for the task of presenting the new work that followed. This was a Partita by Sir William Walton commissioned by the Cleveland Orchestra to celebrate their fortieth anniversary and performed by them some months ago. The new work belongs to that growing category of compositions written for orchestral celebrations, of which Hindemith's Philharmonic Concerto and Bartok's Concerto for Orchestra (though there the circumstances were slightly different) are distinguished examples. If Walton's Partita cannot be ranked with them on account of its smaller scale, it gives no less ample opportunity for brilliant orchestral playing. Apart from the charming central movement, a Sicilian

Pastorale, the musical content is insignificant. Still the work makes no pretensions and, within the limits he has set himself, Walton's skill and wit remain undimmed.

On Tuesday evening the Third Programme offered a programme (one of a series) of British song in the twentieth century containing examples by Rubbra, Bliss, and Phyllis Tate. Bliss' contribution was instrumental, the 'Conversations' of 1920, though it may be claimed that his instruments are almost human in their speech. Rubbra's Diptych for voice, viol, and piano was sung with the right rapt feeling by John Carol Case, but the effect was spoiled by the too great prominence of the piano-part—a fault that reappeared also in the accompaniment of Phyllis Tate's beautifully wrought 'Songs of Sundry Natures' for voice and five instruments.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Verdi and 'Don Carlos'

By WINTON DEAN

'Don Carlos' will be broadcast at 7.0 p.m. on Monday, May 12 (Third)

FOR years Verdi's middle-period operas, those between 'La Traviata' and 'Aida', were regarded as failures, to be sampled occasionally but soon returned to the shelf. The general opinion, in R. A. Streatfeild's words, was that Verdi 'was not yet strong enough to sever his connection with the past'. (But what composer ever did this?) It is true that the quality of inspiration is uneven, and that episodes of miraculous artistry are jostled by crudities both in the music and in the drama. Verdi himself sensed that something was wrong, and that salvage was worth while; for he painfully revised no fewer than five operas after 1856. None of these revisions produced a flawless whole; the new wine was too heady for the old bottles, the wine incontinently burst at the seams. But we gained much incomparable music, and no one now doubts the vitality of at least four of these operas, whatever their imperfections.

There is less agreement about how the seams should be patched in the theatre. Sadler's Wells has revived 'Don Carlos' in two totally different versions during the last twenty years, and neither was quite satisfactory. The trouble with this work goes back to its origins: it is a French opera based on a German classic. Verdi wrote it for the Paris Opéra, which made it a feature of the 1867 Exhibition. The tradition of this house was very strong: five long acts, a substantial ballet, and two librettists yoked together were the least of its requirements. The libretto, by Méry and du Locle, which Verdi seems to have accepted with little change, involved historical persons and events in a strong current of political liberalism and a whirlpool of dynastic and amorous intrigue. This was the formula devised by the Scribe school for Spon-tini, Auber, Halévy, Rossini ('William Tell'), and above all Meyerbeer; and it would have been surprising if Verdi had escaped the influence of Meyerbeer not only in the structure of the opera but in the fibre of the music.

We no longer find 'Don Carlos' Wagnerian, as its early audiences did, even if the initial hunting-calls in Fontainebleau Forest suggest Weber. But the influence of Schiller's German 'Don Carlos' is important; not so much for its plot, which the librettists could the more easily adapt to their purpose since Schiller was one of the forefathers of romantic grand opera, as for the subtle web of characterisation that animates it. Nearly all serious operas of the period are essentially melodramatic rather than tragic, depending less on psychological conflict

than on a multiplicity of incidents (and accidents); the events control the characters, not the characters the events.

Verdi had been no exception to this, as his latest opera, 'La Forza del Destino' (1862), had borne witness. But there was also in his genius something that responded instinctively to the higher drama of character. This had appeared fitfully as early as 'Macbeth', and it was to reach sublime heights in 'Otello'. Schiller's characters roused this quality in Verdi more than those of any earlier libretto, partly no doubt because his creative powers had correspondingly matured. In the growth of this tragic capacity, which came into instant collision with the more conventional element of the librettos, lies the key to the uneven texture of his middle-period operas. It was not a conflict that could be immediately resolved.

The characters of 'Don Carlos' are fully developed personalities, drawn with a more subtle penetration even than those of 'Aida'. Verdi's Philip II, a wonderful portrait of a morose and lonely man whose own nature repels the love he craves, is one of the very few great historical figures in opera large enough to have fulfilled his actual destiny. The Grand Inquisitor who symbolises the limitless power of the Roman Church, though he appears in only two scenes, is still more formidable. The duet between these two (both basses), a musical descendant of Sparafucile's first scene in 'Rigoletto', presents the struggle between Church and State with a truly terrifying force and concentration; indeed the whole scene (Act IV, Scene 1), which begins with Philip's great monologue and ends with Eboli's 'O don fatale', sustains the highest level throughout.

The other characters are scarcely less impressive. Eboli is much more than the conventional *seconda donna*, and Posa, though his liberal motives are anachronistic and his activities sometimes obscure, cuts a noble figure in his Act II duet with Philip. The intricate tangle of loyalties, personal, political, and idealistic, is presented with an astonishing psychological insight. So complete is Verdi's success in the difficult art of realising political motives in music that the love scenes between Carlos and the Queen, beautiful as they are, appear one of the least remarkable features of the score.

This flexible treatment of character loosens and moulds the musical design. It would be difficult to find two more original duets than those between Carlos and the Queen and between Philip and Posa in Act II. Many of the more

orthodox episodes, such as the Queen's touching farewell to her dismissed lady-in-waiting and the quartet in Act IV, are equally effective. But the stiffness of the Opéra convention was bound to produce occasional cramp. The old mistaken-identity trick on which the garden scene (III, i) depends rings false in such company. Eboli's first aria is a superficial piece of Spanish pastiche. Much of the *auto-da-fé* scene recalls the more flatulent parts of 'Les Huguenots', and the deplorable and recurrent little tune that symbolises the friendship of Carlos and Posa has an all too Meyerbeerian flavour. Worst of all, there is an absurd anticlimax at the end. Where Schiller makes Philip deliver his son to the mercies of the Inquisition, in the opera Carlos is spirited into a monastery by a monk who is either the abdicated Emperor Charles V or his ghost or his impersonator—it is not clear which. The fact that Verdi so often outsoars his text makes the lapses—which are apt to occur in strange juxtaposition to the greatest moments—all the more disturbing.

His revision for the Milan production of 1884, carried out with the assistance of Ghislanzoni, the librettist of 'Aida', effected many improvements in detail without resolving the main difficulties. Indeed it created a new one: in a desperate attempt to save time Verdi cut out the whole of Act I, except for one aria which he altered and slipped in later. (French grand opera was subject to this sort of pollarding: 'William Tell' shed more than one act on different occasions, and it is still customary to omit the last act of 'Les Huguenots'.) This was a sad error. An exquisite love duet disappears—and the later use of the theme as an important motive loses its point—as well as the only scene of unalloyed happiness in the opera. Moreover, an already complex plot becomes hopelessly obscure, since the audience is deprived of clues to the mainspring of the action, the fact that Elisabeth was betrothed to Carlos before being forced into marriage with Philip. The opera sets off on the wrong foot if we see her first as Carlos' stepmother.

Verdi's failure to remedy the final scene (though he did shorten it) is as puzzling as his acceptance of it in the first place. Some modern revivals have restored Schiller's end, an excellent idea in itself, though the music barely supports it. There are weak patches in the middle acts that could with advantage be traded for Act I, provided no injury is done to that feeling for the dramatic climate of a whole opera that is one of the most precious gifts of Verdi's maturity.



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HOW TO LAY FLOORING TILES

THERE IS NO reason why anyone who is useful with his hands should not make a good job of laying flooring tiles, such as lino, cork, or p.v.c. When you have measured up the area of the room, add on five per cent. for wastage and then buy the tiles with enough adhesive for the job. (The store will tell you how much you need.) Go over the floor very carefully, fixing loose boards, punching in any nails, and planing down the edges of any boards that are sticking up. Lastly, fill in any cracks or holes with plaster.

The best thing is to lay the tiles from the centre of the room, so first of all you must find the exact centre. This is best done by measuring along the skirting and tapping a nail in the floor at the centre point of each wall. Two pieces of string can then be laid across the room, one in each direction, fastening them at each end by the four nails. If, before you put the string down, you rub a stick of chalk right along its length, all you will need to do is to lift up the taut string and let it go 'ping' against the floor. This will leave a couple of clear, intersecting chalk lines across the room.

To spread the adhesive, you will need a serrated scraper, and you can either buy one specially made for the job or make one yourself. This could be a piece of thin hard-board, about six inches long, with V-shaped cuts at intervals of a quarter of an inch along one side. The V-cuts should be one-eighth of an inch deep.

The first tile should be laid in one of the right-angles made by the two lines at the centre of the room. Then the first row of tiles can run along any one of the chalk lines, starting from

this centre tile. It is as well to put down on the floor enough adhesive to lay about half a dozen tiles at a time. The serrated scraper will make sure that you spread it evenly, leaving just the right amount behind. Then simply press the tile down firmly. Carry on until you have completed the first quarter of the room, cutting the outside tiles with a knife to fit snugly against the skirting. Then carry on with the remaining quarters, always starting at the centre. If any adhesive gets on the face of the tiles, just wipe it off immediately with a damp cloth. And, by the way, if you are laying cork tiles it is as well to fasten each tile finally with about nine panel-pins.

DAVID ROE

MAINTAINING A WASHING MACHINE

A listener asks: 'When I have finished using my washing machine, what ought I to do to it by way of routine care?' First, rinse the machine very thoroughly. And wipe it really dry. Wringer rollers need rinsing, too, with plenty of clear water. To dry them you can run a clean, dry towel through two or three times. It is important to see that the wringer rollers are kept apart while the washing machine is off duty—which means never forgetting to slacken the pressure-release control. It is a good plan to leave the machine with a soft pad of clean, dry cloth fed between these rollers. (By the way, make sure your instructions are where you can lay hands on them when they are wanted.)

That is all that is needed by way of home care, but every so often a washing machine needs servicing, bearings need lubrication, and

so on, which is a professional job, and one which needs doing regularly.

RUTH DREW

Notes on Contributors

JOHN BOLTON (page 759): Chairman and Managing Director of the Solartron Electronic Group, Ltd.

J. M. RICHARDS (page 761): joint editor of *The Architectural Review* since 1946 and member of the editorial board of *The Architects' Journal* since 1947; author of *The Castles on the Ground*, etc.

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ROLLO MYERS (page 774): British Council Music Officer in Paris, 1945-46; author of *Music in the Modern World*; *Introduction to the Music of Stravinsky*; biographies of Debussy and of Erik Satie, etc.

LETTICE COOPER (page 788): author of *The Red House*; *National Provincial*; *Fenny*; *Three Lives*, etc.

WINTON DEAN (page 793): author of *Bizet*, *Introduction to the Music of Bizet*, etc.

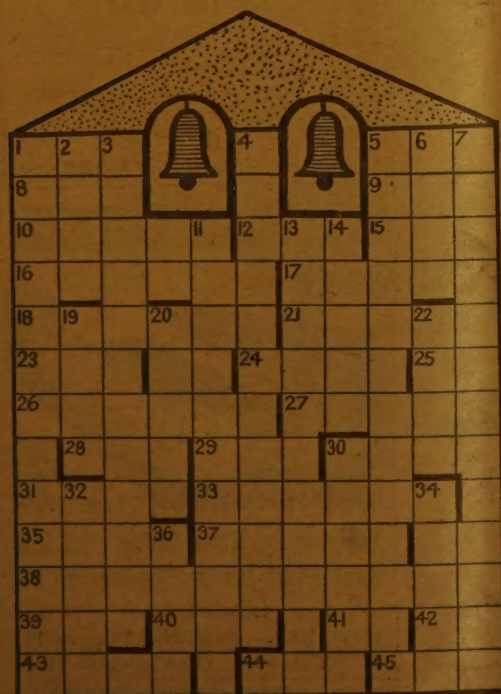
Crossword No. 1,458.

Wotsitsname?

By Pone

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, May 15. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



CLUES—ACROSS

1. Bearded? Blue? Tom? That touch so light
5. A Touch? Byes—2, one short
8. See 19D.
- 9-25R. Lately bordered by St. John's Wood? Applicable to 1A.
10. Cricketers? Wisden
- 12-23. Play this the game
15. This tail is pretty contemptible
16. The pad proves the far from noble lord a county man at heart
17. See 38A.
18. Nothing look's so silver with a black lining about England's opener
21. Lord's groundsman? In the position of the ball for example
23. See 12A.
- 24-30. Just the wicket for a demon bowler: light bad, but it wouldn't deter the 'unmentionables'
- 26R. Stumped if the footwork had been clumsier
27. To stop in here is the way to be run out
28. See 38A.
29. One of the slips
30. See 24A.
31. Padded oafs in the outfield at Lord's? Scandalous!
33. Advantages when the slips are involved
- 35R.-23 It does not sound as if the u/m are likely to be caught out by this up-country lot
37. Be about to run, wave may be

DOWN

2. Bumps endangered by bowling bumpers
6. The Cape Province total is 170
14. The googly is delivered with it
- 19-8A. Might be an aid in having a town named after Evans
20. Rhymer rhymes with one going under the bat
- 22-4A. Go a step confound it and they'd have had you caught
30. Hindu amateur with a pair of spectacles
32. A shade like Compton's speciality
34. A jolly tight game, best without the u/m
36. See 39A.
- Confound you, Sir, and your u/m. It isn't cricket.
- Wot no cricket? no Lords? ah but it's titled '—' (4 words)

Solution of No. 1,456

S	T	R	A	E	C	R	A	N	E	S	A	T	E	S
U	R	I	L	E	H	E	L	I	X	A	G	I	L	E
R	I	G	O	R	A	N	O	D	E	L	A	D	E	N
A	C	T	I	N	I	M	A	N	O	R	I	M	A	G
L	E	D	G	E	A	L	E	R	T	C	A	L	Y	X
M	A	S	T	E	S	P	A	T	H	I	H	U	M	A
A	R	E	C	A	T	I	M	E	D	A	S	I	D	E
C	O	W	E	R	O	P	I	N	E	R	A	T	E	S
A	M	E	N	T	P	I	N	N	A	T	E	G	R	E
W	A	R	T	H	S	T	E	A	L	S	E	E	M	S

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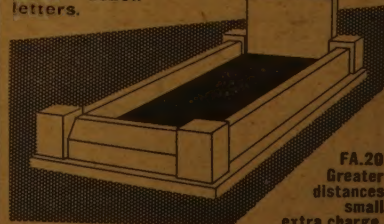
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